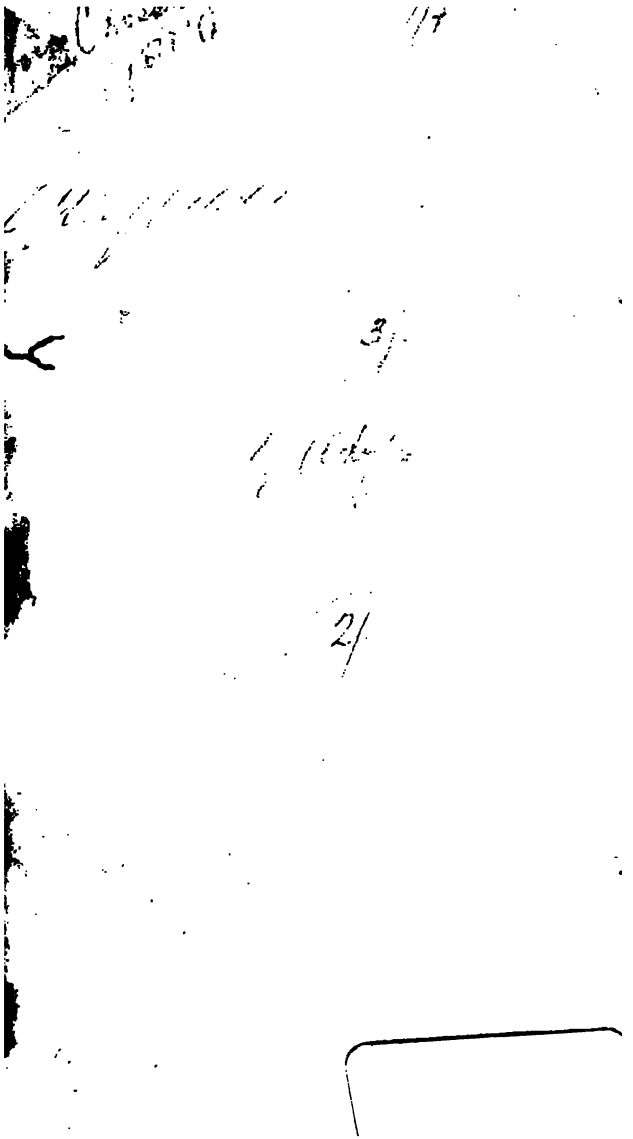

A COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS.

To which is Prefix'd,
A Critical DISSERTATION on this Species of POETRY.

If true that notion, which but few contest,
That in the way of wit, short things are best;
Then in good EPIGRAMS *two virtues meet,*
For 'tis their glory to be short, and sweet.

LONDON:
Printed for J. WALTHOE, *over-against the* Royal-Exchange, *in* Cornhill.
M.DCC.XXVII.

A COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS.

in which a ſingle thought, poetically expreſs'd, has been uſed. *Petronius* ſeems to favour this opinion; he uſes the word with two applications, but in both the conſtruction muſt be, as we have ſaid, an Inſcription. *Implevit* Eumolpus *frontes utriuſque ingentibus litteris, & notam fugitivorum Epigramma per totam faciem liberali manu duxit.* In this Senſe, the word *Epigramma* ſignifies the Stigma, or characters upon the forehead of a ſlave; by which he might be known if he fled from his maſter: in another place, when the ſame author ſays, Eumolpus *autem dum Epigramma mortuo facit*, it muſt be underſtood as an EPITAPH on a dead Perſon; in which way it is eaſy to ſuppoſe this ſort of Poetry was very early uſed, the EPITAPH continuing to this day, moſt properly, an Inſcription: to which uſe, as we have already obſerved, the EPIGRAM was originally applied.

AT

AT this day we consider EPIGRAM as a method of conveying a single conceit fully and strongly to the reader, in a narrow Compass; it must have wit, or, what is very near akin to it, humour, at the conclusion, in order to leave the deeper impression upon the fancy: I say this of satyrick or pleasant EPIGRAMS; for there are some that by the grandeur and nobleness of the sentiment, in a serious way, must pass for finish'd pieces in this kind of writing: however, I think that wit, or somewhat equally pleasing, is always expected in the close of an EPIGRAM, whether serious or humourous. lest I should not be rightly understood, I must add, that in a pleasant EPIGRAM, an humourous conceit will make an apt close; and in a serious one, a striking thought; and that, in neither case, that wit which consists of point and turn,

is absolutely necessary. I will give examples of both.

Thy eyes and eyebrows I could spare;
Nor for thy nose do I much care;
I could dispense, too, with thy teeth;
And with thy lips, and with thy breath;
And with thy breasts, and with thy belly,
And with that which I won't tell ye;
And, to be short — hark, in thy ear,
Faith I could spare thee all, my dear.

If I am not mistaken, there is no wit in these lines; and yet the pleasantry at the end will make it pass for a good EPIGRAM

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death, the brave lives on.

THE

THE fine thought of this couplet, tho' it ſavours nothing of wit, is an inſtance in the ſerious way: I have choſen theſe two tranſlations from *Martial*, to ſhew that the ancients, as well as the moderns, at leaſt in their practice, ſeemed to think with me; even thoſe who refin'd, or, as the criticks would rather ſay, corrupted EPIGRAM, by introducing point and turn.

I have heard much good diſcourſe ſpent in ſhewing the difference between a SONG and an EPIGRAM; I proteſt that between an *Engliſh* SONG and an *Engliſh* EPIGRAM, I know of none but the length; which may make ſome, according to our common notions. I think every ſmall copy of verſes, which is or may be ſet to muſick, goes by the name of SONG; but then the general practice is to make it conclude in

in a point like an EPIGRAM; indeed it ſometimes happens that more than one thought is purſued in a SONG; but, if the criticks be right, that's as much a fault there, as in an EPIGRAM; and the difference they make is, that a SONG conſiſts of one thought, without a point, and if it extends farther, becomes a Ballad; while an EPIGRAM has a right to a point, but if it enlarges its number of conceits, muſt be call'd Stanza's, or Madrigal, or a Copy of Verſes, or any thing you pleaſe. Theſe are little niceties, which are not at all neceſſary to a man of good ſenſe; he will preſently ſee what is right, without them; nor, indeed, are the minute rules of either of theſe kinds of poetry important enough to make a ſcrupulous inquiry into them worth his while.

MY lord duke of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE has given rules in verse for making SONGS; which, added to what has been here said, will enable every one to judge as well of an EPIGRAM, or any other small POEM.

Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art:
For as in rows of richest pearl, there lies
Many a blemish, that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In some small ring, and brings the value down;
So songs should be to just perfection wrought,
Exact propriety of words and thought,
Expression easy, and the fancy high,
Yet that nor seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As, tho' with care, may seem by chance to (fall.

THE

THE ſubject of an EPIGRAM is matter of conteſt among the learned; yet, without ſhewing their arguments, we will be bold to ſay, that every thing may be the ſubject of one, Satyr, Panegyrick, Love, Complaint, or Pleaſant Tale, all ſit well in an ERIGRAM; all ſubjects have been uſed; and all authors have drawn their ſucceſs from their manner of treating them, rather than from their choice of themes.

THE length is another litigated point: the ancients have ſtretched it pretty far; and yet BOILEAU ſays peremptorily,

L' Epigramme plus libre, en ſon tour plus bornè,
N' eſt ſouvent qu'une bon mot de deux Rimes ornè.

THE

THE last line of these is very ill translated by Sir WILLIAM SOAMES, who, talking of EPIGRAMS, says;

'Tis one good sentence in a distich clos'd.

THE words *bon mot* mean no such thing as a good sentence; they are the terms in use for a thing wittily or smartly said; or, as we commonly express it in conversation, *a good thing*. So much may explain BOILEAU's notion, as well of the length, as of the turn of EPIGRAM.

BUT, indeed, if the first rule be preserved of aiming at but one thought, the EPIGRAM must be good, to whatever length it is carry'd: this I say upon a presumption that no good writer will use more words than are necessary

cessary to introduce and express the conceit he drives at; and upon this footing *Martial* defends himself against a caviller, who had upbraided him with the length of some of his EPIGRAMS;

Non sunt longa quibus nil demere possis;
Sed, tu Cosconi, *disticha longa facis.*

Which is happily enough English'd by Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, thus,

Things are not long, where we can nothing spare;
But, Coscus, *e'en thy* Distichs *tedious are.*

WHEN the length and subject of an EPIGRAM are fix'd, it is proper to enquire what kind of Point is fittest: we have already observed, that a gay conceit, or a good sentence will sometimes serve for points; but what else will?

will? nothing so properly as what can be truly call'd Wit; no Jingle of words, Pun, Quibble, Conundrum, Mix'd Wit, or False Wit, ought ever to be used, tho' they have all very often appeared in this kind of Poetry; which made Mr. ADDISON, when he describes True Wit marching his troops in battle array against False Wit, take notice that EPIGRAM was plac'd in the rear; not so much on account of its inferiority to Tragedy, Comedy, or the other species of poetry, which compos'd the army, as thro' the prudence of the general, who had a very just suspicion that it was inclinable to revolt to the enemy.

BESIDES taking care to avoid all the faults already mention'd, there is another inconvenience, which modern EPIGRAM is very liable to; that is, when an author falls in love with brevity

vity to ſuch a degree, as to neglect explaining what he writes upon. It is a very idle thing to have three lines of a Title to an EPIGRAM of two verſes, as in the following example,

The lofty arch his high ambition ſhows,
The ſtream an emblem of his bounty flows.

IN order to underſtand this, we are to be told, that the founder was covetous and ambitious, and that he built an arch almoſt as big as the *Rialto*, over a ſtream no wider than a city gutter. I grant, if all this had been reduced into two lines of metre, and fix'd to the verſes above cited, they would have made an excellent EPIGRAM; but as they ſtand, are only excuſable by the author's ſaying, that he did not intend to have them read about on

Paper,

Paper, but to be fix'd for ever as an inſcription on the bridge.

To theſe ſhort hints, concerning modern EPIGRAM, the reader will give me leave to add, in the ſame ſuccinct manner, ſome obſervations, which the learned have made on the *Greek* and *Latin* EPIGRAMMATISTS. We have extant a collection of *Greek* EPIGRAMS by ſeveral poets, under the name of ANTHOLOGIA; theſe are, for the moſt part, a ſet of fine thoughts, but of ſuch a kind as neither create mirth or ſurprize; they are only capable of giving pleaſure to very delicate taſtes, by a natural and elegant expreſſion; now and then a pleaſing hyperbole, or an ingenious antitheſis may be found in them, which is the moſt they can ever pretend to: we are not to ſeek for point in them; good ſenſe, and pure language, ſomewhat rais'd above ordinary conver-

ſation, are all that are neceſſary to conſtitute a *Greek* EPIGRAM. But the moderns will not allow theſe any ſhare of perfection; the *French* wits call any inſipid copy of verſes, *Epigramme à la Grecque*; nay, and nothing is ſo common among them, as when they think their ſoup unſavory, or ill taſted, to call it, in contempt of the Anthologia, *Potage à la Grecque.*

AMONG the *Romans*, CATULLUS imitated the *Greeks*, in the manner we have been ſpeaking of, and, like them, has got into the favour of ſeveral good criticks; RAPIN, particularly, praiſes him for his delicacy and ſimplicity; tho' it muſt not be denied that this delicacy often forſakes him; that his verſes are often clog'd with intolerable groſſneſſes; his thoughts are in ſome places ſhocking; when he addreſſes his miſtreſs, his gallantries are ſometimes larded

larded with indecencies, very remote from ſimplicity or politeneſs: all this he has the courage to avow, and excuſes himſelf in the following verſes; which, for the reaſons mention'd, will make no figure in a tranſlation;

——Caſtum eſſe decet pium Poetam
Ipſum; verſiculos nihil neceſſe eſt:
Qui tum denique habent ſalem, ac leporem,
Si ſint molliculi, ac parum pudici,
Et, quod pruriat, incitare poſſint.

MARTIAL was of a character very oppoſite to CATULLUS; whom he often imitates in his obſcenities: he endeavour'd, as far as he could, to make his EPIGRAMS conclude with point and turn; he was not always ſo happy as to light upon a juſt thought; and the deſire he had of being wit-

ty, very often threw him into Affectation.

WE have no body of any rank, since MARTIAL. AUSONIUS makes no figure: but among the moderns, our countryman OWEN is the most voluminous; he has a few good EPIGRAMS, but so lost in an incredible number of puerile trite thoughts, that they are not worth the labour of searching for: and indeed there are but few who have written many EPIGRAMS, which will answer the poet's description, and which, without more words, I will lay down as a touch-stone for this kind of poetry, and declare every EPIGRAM good which has this effect upon a good understanding;

How does the little EPIGRAM *delight,*
And charm us with its miniature of wit:

While

While tedious authors give the reader pain,
Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
When in less volumes we more pleasure find,
And what diverts, still best informs the mind:
YALDEN.

As to the following COLLECTION, I have reason to believe it will generally please, it being the first miscellany of EPIGRAMS that has appeared in *English*; tho' one would think the several COLLECTIONS in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*, might, by their example, have directed us to such a method long ago. They are, for the most part, carefully collected; and consist of so great a number, as no one imagin'd could be found in our language, fit to be republish'd: it was, perhaps, that thought which gave admission to some few which a severe critick might reject; tho' the COLLECTOR avows, that

that in regard few things are more unsettled than the criticism of an EPIGRAM; that every body will rather judge of it by the manner in which it strikes him, than by the rules which criticks lay down; and that there are great variety of tastes and understandings, whose test this book is to pass; he has chosen to fling in some things which may please every palate, tho' he hopes that much the greater part is adapted to give pleasure to the most judicious.

THEY are chosen from the best performances of our best poets; printed accurately; and where-ever, by many impressions, the reading has been corrupted, no pains have been spared to restore it. There are short notes at the bottom of several pages, which we are sure will be useful, and we hope entertaining. In fine, there are a great number of verses that have the charms

of

novelty to recommend them; and
eral others which have not got into
miſcellanies, at leaſt not into ſuch
are much known, and which would
loſt to the world if they were not
s preſerv'd: for all theſe reaſons, the
kſeller hopes this VOLUME will meet
vourable reception; returns his thanks
ſuch as have contributed to it; and
s the continuance of their contribu-
s, in order to compleat a SECOND;
ch, by what have been ſent that could
come into this, is pretty well help'd
ward.

A COLLECTION OF EPIGRAMS.

I.

PROMETHEUS *ill painted.*

HOW wretched does *Prometheus'* ſtate appear,
Whilſt he his ſecond mis'ry ſuffers here!
Draw him no more, leſt, as he tortur'd ſtands.
He blame great *Jove's*, leſs than the painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty out-go,
If once again his liver thus ſhould grow.
Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once ſtole from thee, grant him now.

II.

On a Lady who pretended to tell Fortunes.

SOME oracles of old, to cauſe more wonder,
Were then pronounc'd accompany'd with thunder:
But thy predictions come not in a ſtorm,
They are deliver'd by the brighteſt form:
If, when you ſpeak, *Jove* does not pierce the sky,
Yet ſtill you've all his Lightning in your eye.

III.

ANCIENT *Phyllis* has young graces;
'Tis a ſtrange thing, but a true one:
Shall I tell you how?
She herſelf makes her own faces;
And each morning wears a new one:
Where's the wonder now?

IV.

IV.

The RAPTURE.

CRY'D *Strephon*, panting in *Cosmelia*'s arms,
I die, bright nymph, I die amidst your charms!
Chear up, dear youth, reply'd the maid,
Dissolv'd in am'rous pain,
All men must Die (bright boy, you know)
E'er they can Rise again.

V.

VENUS *mistaken.*

WHEN *Cloe*'s picture was to *Venus* shown;
Surpriz'd, the goddess took it for her own;
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?
Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his mother's pride:
And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis *Cloe*'s eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast:
Friend *Howard*'s genius fancy'd all the rest.

VI.

Spoken by VENUS, *on seeing her Statue done by* Praxyteles.

ANCHISES, *Paris*, and *Adonis* too,
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view;
All these I frankly own, without denying:
But where has this *Praxyteles* been prying?

VII.

WHEN *Phyllis* confess'd her, the father was rash;
And so, without further reflection,
Her delicate skin he condemn'd to the lash,
While himself would bestow the correction.
Her husband, who heard this, oppos'd it by urging,
That he, in regard to her weakness,
And to save her soft back, would himself bear the scourging,
With humble submission and meekness.
She piously cry'd, when the priest gave accord,
To shew what devotion was in her,
He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord,
For, alas! I'm a very great sinner.

VIII.

MISS for the court-ſervice is quickly prepar'd,
And thinks it no burthen upon her,
Unmindful that there no task is ſo hard,
As that of a *Maid of Honour*.

IX.

VERY nicely thou lay'ſt on thy colours, dear *Nan*,
And no painter in skill can o'ertop ye;
When to *Ellis* you ſat, he dully bruſh'd on,
Till he thought he had an Original drawn,
Which you prov'd to be only a Copy.

X.

SEV'N times a day the juſt men ſin;
So ſpeaks the ſage, our hearts to ſoften:
Well, the juſt Women, they fall in?
Ay, but no ſage can tell how often.

XI.

On the Lady SANDWICH'*s being ſtaid in Town by immoderate Rain.*

THE charming *Sandwich* would from cities fly,
While at her feet adoring princes lie;
And all her nobler conqueſts would forego,
Leſs glorious ſlaves and peaſants to ſubdue;
Thus conqu'ring monarchs who have kingdoms won,
And all their neighb'ring ſtates with arms o'er-run,
For want of work, their armies to employ,
Remote and ſavage provinces deſtroy:
But heav'n in pity weeps, while we complain;
Or elſe, our tears, exhal'd, drop down in rain.
The darken'd ſun does ſcarce thro' clouds appear,
And tempeſts rage, to keep our wiſhes here:
The floods free paſſage to her ſcorn deny,
And nature diſobeys her cruelty.
But could the waves riſe equal to our flame,
We'd drown the world, to ſtop the flying dame.

XII.

An Epitaph.

Underneath this ſtone doth lie
As much Beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more Virtue than doth live.

XIII.

When *Lupus* has wrought hard all day,
And the declining ſun,
By ſtooping to embrace the ſea,
Tells him the day's nigh done;
Then to his young wife home he hies,
With his ſore labour ſped;
Who bids him welcome home, and cries,
Pray, husband, come to bed.
Thanks, wife, quoth he; but I were bleſt,
Would'ſt thou once call me to my Reſt.

XIV.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, *drawing the Lady* HIDE's *Picture.*

THE *Cyprian* queen drawn by *Apelles'* hand,
Of perfect beauty did the pattern ſtand;
But then bright nymphs from every part of *Greece*,
Did all contribute to adorn the piece;
From each a ſev'ral charm the painter took,
(For no one mortal ſo divine could look:)
But, happier *Kneller*, fate preſents to you,
In one, that finiſh'd beauty which he drew.
But oh! take heed, for vaſt is the deſign,
And madneſs 'twere for any hand but thine:
For mocking thunder bold *Salmoneus* dies;
And 'tis as raſh to imitate her Eyes.

XV.

BUT ancient poets thou admireſt none,
And only praiſeſt them are dead and gone;
I beg your pardon, good *Vacerra*, I
Can't on ſuch terms find in my heart to die.

XVI.

XVI.

THY eyes and eye-brows I could ſpare;
Nor for thy noſe do I much care;
I could diſpenſe, too, with thy teeth;
And with thy lips, and with thy breath;
And with thy breaſts, and with thy belly,
And with that which I won't tell ye;
And, to be ſhort — hark, in thy ear,
Faith I could ſpare thee All, my dear.

XVII.

THOU ſtrut'ſt as if thou wert the only Lord;
When we all know of ſuch there is an houſe,
Where I might ſit, could I the price afford,
And *Child* has now three earldoms out at uſe.

High expectation does attend good ſeed,
Yet none will buy a known jade for his breed:
Boaſt not too much; thy boaſted pedigree,
Were they alive, they'd be aſham'd of thee.

XXIII.

On the ſame Occaſion. Written extempore *by the Lady* M. W. M.

HAIL, happy bride! for thou art truly bleſt,
Three months of rapture crown'd with endleſs reſt;
Merit like yours was heav'n's peculiar care,
You lov'd —— yet taſted happineſs ſincere.
To you the ſweets of love were only ſhown,
The ſure ſucceeding bitter dregs unknown:
You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
The tender lover for th' imperious lord;
Nor felt the pains that jealous fondneſs brings,
Nor wept the coldneſs from poſſeſſion ſprings:
Above your ſex diſtinguiſh'd in your fate;
You truſted —— yet experienc'd no deceit.
Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleaſure (flew,
No vain repentance gave a ſigh to you;
And if ſuperior bliſs heaven *can* beſtow,
With fellow-angels you enjoy it now.

XXIV.

Occasion'd by the foregoing.

THO' all the world knows
The fate of poor *B*——,
Yet writers about it do vary;
Some folks make a face,
And pity her case;
'Tis the Envy of good lady *Mary*.

She says, she don't know
How heav'n can bestow
Any joy like the death of that bride;
Whence some people say,
Could she chuse her own way,
E'er now she had certainly dy'd.

But here's the mistake,
If her mind she would speak,
The meaning appears very plain;
She would ever be trying,
But to *B*—— leave the dying;
Her choice is to Live in the pain.

XXV.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which divide the blooming fair;
Give me the nymph whose snow is spread,
Not o'er her face, but hair.

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace,
As open forces, I defy;
But in the wrinkles of her face,
Cupid does in ambush lie.

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,
And am'rous warmth inspire;
Thro' glass who darts her pointed rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years,
Disturb my peace, or bliss destroys;
Alive, she gives no jealous fears,
And Dead, she crowns my joys.

XXVI.

EPITAPH *upon a Country Sexton.*

HERE lies old *Sare*, worn out with care,
Who whilome toll'd the bell;
Could dig a grave, or set a stave,
And say *amen* full well.

For sacred song, he'd *Hopkins'* tongue,
And *Sternhold's* eke also:
With cough and hem, he stood by them,
As far's his word wou'd go.

The worms have lost their good old host,
Who them full often fed;
For he is gone, with skin and bone,
To starve 'em now he's dead.

Here, take his spade, and use his trade,
Since he is out of breath;
Cover the bones of him, who once
Wrought journey-work with death.

XXVII.

The Old Gentry.

THAT all from *Adam* first begun,
Sure none (but *W*—) doubts;
And that his son, and his son's son
Were ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Here lies the only diff'rence now;
Some shot off late, some soon;
Your sires i'th' Morning left their plough,
And our's i'th' Afternoon.

XXVIII.

Upon a Company of bad Dancers to good Musick.

HOw ill the motion with the musick suits!
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

XXIX.

HERE *Cloe* lies,
Whose once bright eyes
Set all the world on fire:
And not to be
Ungrateful, she
Did all the world admire.

XXX.

Written in the Leaves of a Fan, by Dr. ATTERBURY, *late Bishop of* ROCHESTER.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ;
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motion so,
That it wounds more than *Cupid's* bow;
Gives Coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a Flame.

XXXI.

EPITAPH *on* DUNDEE.

O Laſt and beſt of *Scots!* who didſt maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New Gods the temples, and new Kings the throne.
Scotland and thou did in each other live,
Thou wouldſt not her, nor could ſhe thee ſurvive.
Farewel, who living didſt ſupport the ſtate,
And couldſt not fall but with thy country's fate.

XXXII.

On the PRINCE'S *appearing at the Fire in* Spring-Garden.

THY guardian, bleſt *Britannia*, ſcorns to ſleep
When the ſad ſubjects of his father weep!
Weak princes, by their fears, increaſe diſtreſs;
He faces danger, and ſo makes it leſs.
Tyrants on blazing towns may ſmile with joy;
He knows to *ſave* is greater than *deſtroy*.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

In a Lady's Prayer-Book.

WHILST you are deaf to love, you may,
Fairest *Calista*, weep and pray,
And yet, alas! no mercy find:
Not but God's merciful, 'tis true;
But can you think he'll grant to you,
What you deny to all mankind?

XXXIV.

WHEN *Israel* first provok'd the living Lord,
He scourg'd their sin with famine, plague, and sword;
Still they rebell'd; the God in's wrath did fling
No thunderbolt amongst them, but a King:
A *James*-like king was heaven's severest rod,
The utmost vengeance of an angry God.
God in his wrath sent *Saul* to punish *Jewry*,
And *James* to *England* in a greater fury:
For *Saul* in sin was no more like our *James*,
Than little *Jordan* can compare to *Thames*.

XXXV.

MYRA *in her Riding Habit.*

WHEN *Myra* in her ſex's garb we ſee,
The Queen of Beauty then ſhe ſeems to be;
Now, fair *Adonis*, in this male-diſguiſe,
Or *Cupid*, killing with his mother's eyes:
No ſtile of empire's chang'd by this remove,
Who ſeem'd the Goddeſs, ſeems the God of Love.

XXXVI.

To the Dutcheſs of BEAUFORT.

OFF-SPRING of a tuneful ſire,
Bleſt with more than mortal fire;
Likeneſs of a mother's face,
Bleſt with more than mortal grace.
You with double charms ſurprize,
With His wit, and with Her eyes.

XXXVII.

A WHITECHAPEL *Epitaph.*

HERE lies honeſt *Stephen*, with *Mary* his bride,
Who merrily liv'd, and cheerfully dy'd;
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they were able,
But now they are forc'd to knock under the table.
This marble, which formerly ſerv'd them to drink on,
Now covers their bodies; a ſad thing to think on,
That do what one can to moiſten our clay,
'Twill one day be aſhes, and moulder away.

XXXVIII.

Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.

BENEATH this ſilent ſtone is laid
A noiſy antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.
Whither ſhe's gone we cannot tell;
For, if ſhe talks not, ſhe's in Hell:
If ſhe's in Heav'n, ſhe's there unbleſt;
Becauſe ſhe hates a place of reſt.

XXXIX.

I OWE, says *Metius*, much to *Colon*'s care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his Heir:
True, *Metius*; hence your fortunes take their rise
His Heir you were not, had he seen you Twice.

XL.

On the Death of the late Earl of MOUNT-CASSEL, *who dyed in his Tenth Year.*

CHILDREN are snatch'd away sometimes
By death, to punish parents crimes.
Thy mother's merit was so great,
Heav'n hasten'd thy untimely fate;
To make her character compleat.
Tho' many virtues fill'd her breast;
'Twas resignation crown'd the rest.

XLI.

SELINDA ſure's the brighteſt thing,
That decks our earth, or breathes our air:
Mild are her looks like opening ſpring,
And like the blooming ſummer fair.

But yet her wit's ſo very ſmall,
That all her charms appear to lie,
Like glaring colours on a wall,
And ſtrike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxurioufly ſhe treats,
Our ears are abſent from the feaſt:
One ſenſe is ſurfeited with ſweets,
Starv'd or diſguſted are the reſt.

So have I ſeen, with aſpect bright,
And tawdry pride, a tulip ſwell;
Blooming and beauteous to the ſight,
Dull and inſipid to the ſmell.

XLII.

CLOE her goſſips entertains
With ſtories of her child-bed pains,
And fiercely againſt *Hymen* rails;
But *Hymen*'s not ſo much to blame:
She knows, unleſs her Mem'ry fails,
Before ſhe wed, ſhe'd much the ſame.:

XLIII.

WHEN *Lesbia* firſt I ſaw ſo heav'nly fair,
With eyes ſo bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durſt ſo high aſpire,
As bold as his, who ſnatch'd cœleſtial fire:
But ſoon as e'er the beauteous idiot ſpoke,
Forth from her coral lips ſuch folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonſenſe heal'd my wound,
And what her *Eyes* enthrall'd, her *Tongue* unbound.

XLIV.

To *John* I ow'd great obligation,
But *John*, unhappily, thought fit
To publish it to all the nation;
Sure *John* and I are more than quit.

XLV.

Women to cards may be compar'd: we play
A round or two; when us'd, we throw away,
Take a fresh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

XLVI.

Of all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's is sharpest, and succeeds the best.
Others outragious scold, and rail downright,
With hearty rancour, and true christian spight:
But he a readier method does design,
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're mine.

XLVII.

GO, ſaid old *Lyce*, ſenſeleſs lover, go,
And with ſoft verſes court the fair; but know
With all thy verſes, thou canſt get no more
Than fools, without one verſe, have had before
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew;
And that which moſt enrag'd me, was, 'twas tru

XLVIII.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthfi
dreſs,
And nature's failing honeſtly confeſs;
Double we ſee thoſe faults which art would mend
Plain downright uglineſs would leſs offend.

XLIX.

BRIGHT as the day, and as the morning fair,
Such *Cloe* is——and common as the air.

L.

On Enjoyment.

THE Thund'rer, who, without the female bed,
Could goddesses bring forth from his own head,
Chose rather mortals This way to create;
So much h'esteem'd his pleasure 'bove his state.

LI.

THE golden hair that *Galla* wears,
Is her's: who wou'd have thought it?
She swears 'tis her's —— and true she swears;
For I know where she bought it.

LII.

On a Gentleman who died the Day after his Lady.

SHE first departed; he for one day try'd
To live without her; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

LIII.

FANCY.

LOVE is by fancy led about,
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt;
Whom we now a goddess call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Straight's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature:
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy shall present
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover's blest, or dies:
Visions of mighty pains, or pleasure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,
All in powerful fancy lies.

LIV.

THOU'RT soft to touch, charming to hear; unseen
Thou'rt both; but neither, take away the screen.

LV.

THAT *Macro*'s looks are good, let no man doubt,
Which I, his friend and servant, thus make out.
On his dark forehead a false friend is writ;
Let none condemn the light that shews a pit.
Cocles whose face finds credit for his heart,
Who can escape so smooth a villain's art?
Adorn'd with every grace that can persuade,
Seeing we trust; and, trusting, are betray'd:
His looks are snares: but *Macro*'s cry, Beware;
Believe not, tho' ten thousand oaths he swear.
If thou'rt deceiv'd, observing well this rule,
Not *Macro* is the knave, but thou the fool.
In this one point he and his looks agree,
As they betray their master, so did he.

LVI.

A Character.

SOMETIMES to sense, sometimes to nonsense leaning;
But always blundring round about his meaning.

LVII.

PAULA, thou fain would'ſt marry me,
Now thou art old and tough;
I cannot: yet I'd venture thee,
Wert thou but old enough.

LVIII.

A Cure for POETRY.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for HOMER *dead*,
Thro' which the *living* HOMER beg'd his bread.

LIX.

On a Statue of NIOBE.

TO ſtone, the Gods have chang'd her —— but in vain;
The Sculptor's art gave her to breathe again.

LX.

I HATE, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that ſo it is I know,
And feel with torment that 'tis ſo.

LXI.

A Fable and Moral, to K. WILLIAM III.

IN *Æſop*'s tales an honeſt wretch we find,
Whoſe years and comforts equally declin'd;
He in two wives had two domeſtick ills,
They different ages had, and different wills;
One pluck'd his black hairs out, and one his grey;
The man, for quiet ſake, did both obey,
Till all the pariſh ſaw his head quite bare,
And thought he wanted brains, as well as hair.
The parties, hen-peck'd monarch, are thy wives;
The hairs they pluck, are thy prerogatives;
Tories thy perſon hate, the *Whigs*, thy power;
Too much thou yieldeſt; ſtill they tug for more;
Till this poor man and thou alike are ſhown,
He without hairs, and thou without a crown.

LXII.

On the Marriage of an old Maid.

CLOE, a coquet in her prime,
The vaineſt fickleſt thing alive;
Behold the ſtrange effects of time!
Marries, and doats at forty-five.

Thus weather-cocks, who for a while
Have turn'd about with every blaſt,
Grown old, and deſtitute of oil,
Ruſt to a point, and fix at laſt.

LXIII.

MARTIAL, *Lib.* I. *Epig.* 58.

DICK, would you know, if I ſhould change my life,
What kind of girl I'd chuſe to make my wife;
I would not have her be ſo fond to ſay,
Yes, at firſt daſh; nor dwell too long on nay:
Theſe two extremes I hate; then let her be
'Twixt both; nor too hard-hearted, nor too free.

LXIV.

On the Burser of St. JOHN'*s*-COLLEGE, OXON, *cutting down a fine Row of Trees.*

INDULGENT nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes:
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves; and sailors steer from rocks;
A rogue the gallows, as his fate, foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to Trees.

LXV.

Translated from an Inscription on a Medal of LEWIS XIV.

SECOND to *Jove* alone, in whom unite
Unbounded virtue, with unbounded might;
Whether to succour innocents oppreſt,
Or quell those monsters which the world infest:
In vain the *Titans* against heav'n combine,
In vain th' imbattell'd squadrons pass the *Rhine*,
Theirs is the Eagle, but the Thunder thine.

LXVI.

On the Death of Queen MARY.

THE queen deceas'd ſo pleas'd, the king ſo griev'd
As if the hero dy'd, the woman liv'd;
Alas! we err'd i'th' choice of our commanders,
He ſhould have knotted, and ſhe gone to *Flanders*

LXVII.

On a Monument intended to be erected for Mr. ROWE, *by his Widow; written before Mr.* DRYDEN'*s was ſet up.*

THY reliques, *Rowe*, to this fair ſhrine we truſt
And, ſacred, place by *Dryden*'s aweful duſt.
Beneath a rude and nameleſs ſtone he lies,
To which thy tomb ſhall guide inquiring eyes;
Peace to thy gentle ſhade and endleſs reſt,
Bleſt in thy genius, in thy love too bleſt;
One grateful woman, to thy fame, ſupply'd,
What a whole thankleſs land to his deny'd.

LXVII.

LXVIII.

BAKER and poet ſwell thy glorious name,
The firſt thy living gets; the laſt, thy fame:
But if thy bread be, as thy verſes, light,
Our good lord mayor thy genius ſhall requite,
And on the baker, do the poet right.

LXIX.

BEAUTY is but a ſhort-liv'd flower,
Alas! too ſubject to decay,
That blooms, th' amuſement of an hour,
And ſheds its glory with the day.

Whoever ancient *Phyllis* knows,
Will find this literally true;
Mark on her cheeks the bluſhing roſe,
Short-liv'd, as on the tree it grew.

Tho' on the beauties of each feature,
Th' embelliſhments of art are laid,
Yet all her charms, to copy nature,
Bloom in the morn, at evening fade.

LXX.

From MARTIAL.

BY a *Ravenna* vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water mix'd, I paid;
But when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
The rascal fobb'd me off with only wine.

LXXI.

EPITAPH *on a young Lady.*

SO fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to fix without allay.
Heav'n's image was in her so well exprest,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest:
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

LXXII.

Upon a Picture of the Lady HIDE.

WHEN fam'd *Apelles* ſought to frame
Some image of th' *Idalian* dame,
To furniſh graces for the piece,
He ſummon'd all the nymphs of *Greece*;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To ſhew how one immortal ſhin'd.
Hadſt thou thus ſat by proxy too,
As *Venus* then was ſaid to do,
Venus herſelf, and all her train
Of goddeſſes had ſummon'd been:
The painter muſt have ſearch'd the skies,
To match the luſtre of your eyes.
Comparing then, while thus we view,
The ancient *Venus* and the new,
In her we many Mortals ſee,
As many Goddeſſes in thee.

LXXIII.

IF beauteous *Kitty* boasts a charm,
Her picture boasts the same;
With life the glowing cheeks are warm,
The sparkling eyes on flame.

How bold the strokes! how free the air!
The colours how laid on!
We think 'twill leave the canvas bare,
And walk, and talk, anon.

So far, dear painter, all is well;
And could'st thou more express,
Howe'er thy art the most excell,
Thy piece would please the less.

For he that *Kitty*'s picture makes,
Makes beauty's self appear;
But, if it speaks as *Kitty* speaks,
'Tis folly's self we hear.

LXXIV.

On the Alliance between SPAIN *and* GERMANY, 1726.

NEVER before did fate dispense
A friendship every way so meet:
Great *Charles*'s hope is *Philip*'s sense;
And *Philip*'s trust is *Charles*'s fleet.

LXXV.

Lingua potentior armis.

THAT speech surpasses force, is no new whim:
Jove caus'd the heav'ns to tremble; *Juno* him.

LXXVI.

OF two reliefs to ease a lovesick mind,
Flavia prescribes despair: I urge, be kind:
Flavia, be kind; the remedy's as sure;
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure.

LXXVII.

CLARINDA, with a haughty grace,
In ſcornful poſtures ſets her face,
And looks as ſhe were born alone
To give, in love, and take from none.

Tho' I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
If you're too proud to eaſe my pain,
I am too proud for your diſdain.

LXXVIII.

The DART.

WHEN e'er I look, I may deſcry
A little face peep through that eye:
Sure that's the boy, who wiſely choſe
His throne among ſuch beams as thoſe,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May ſerve for darts to kill withal.

LXXIX.

Upon a Cravat, flouriſh'd by Mrs. ——

WHEN *Mira* caſts around her conqu'ring eyes,
A thouſand victims fall a ſacrifice;
No bounds her charms acknowledge, but her will;
And wherefoe'er ſhe darts, a look can kill.
Why ſhould ſhe then new artifices find,
T' extend her pow'r, and vanquiſh human kind?
Cannot the pointed rays ſhot from her eyes,
Her graceful perſon, and her mien ſuffice?
But ſhe muſt triumph in acquired art,
And turn her very needle to a dart.

LXXX.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
By ignorance, by expectation fed,
Deſtroy'd by knowledge, and, at beſt,
Loſt in the moment 'tis poſſeſt.

LXXXI.

On MILTON.

THREE poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, *Italy*, and *England* did adorn:
The firſt, in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſt;
The next, in majeſty; in both, the laſt.
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

LXXXII.

To SYLVIA, *reading St.* BERNARD'*s Life.*

'TWAS well for *Bernard*, he was born
Some ages e'er thy cruel ſcorn
The captive world had ruin'd and undone:
For had heav'n otherwiſe decreed,
Thoſe eyes had ne'er the ſaint's life read,
But he had ſeen them, and to hell had gone.

LXXXIII.

MAN and money a mutual friendſhip ſhow,
Man makes falſe money, money makes man ſo.

LXXXIV.

Upon NICOLINI *and* VALENTINI's *firſt coming to the Houſe in the* Hay-Market.

AMPHION ſtrikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and ſtone conſpire
To raiſe the *Theban* wall.

In emulation of his praiſe,
Two *Latian* heroes come,
A ſinking theatre to raiſe,
And prop *Van*'s tott'ring dome.

But how this laſt ſhould come to paſs
Muſt ſtill remain unknown;
Since theſe poor gentlemen, alas!
Bring neither Brick, nor Stone.

LXXXV.

The contented WHORE.

To charming *Celia*'s arms I flew,
And there all night I feasted;
No god such transport ever knew,
Nor mortal ever tasted.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous joy,
And pleas'd beyond expressing,
How can your slave, my fair, said I,
Reward so great a blessing?

The whole creation's wealth survey,
Thro' both the *Indies* wander;
Ask what brib'd senates give away,
And fighting monarchs squander.

The richest spoils of earth and air,
The rifled ocean's treasure;
'Tis all too poor a bribe, by far,
To purchase so much pleasure.

She blushing, cry'd — My life, my dear,
Since *Celia* thus you fancy;
Give her —— but 'tis too much, I fear,
A rundlet of right *Nantcy*.

LXXXVI.

MENDAX, 'tis ſaid thou'rt ſuch a liar grown,
That thou'ſt renounc'd all truth; and 'tis well done:
Lying beſt fits our manners, and our times;
But pr'ythee, *Mendax*, do not praiſe my rhimes.

LXXXVII. *

TEN Months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed,
She warbled her groans with ſo charming a voice,
That one half of the pariſh was ſtunn'd with the noiſe:
But when *Florimel* choſe to lye privately in,
Twelve months before ſhe and her ſpouſe were akin,
She choſe, with ſuch prudence, her pangs to conceal,
That her nurſe, nay her midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.
Learn husbands from hence, for the peace of your [lives,
That maids make not half ſuch a tumult as wives.

* See this ſame thought in N°. XLII, but better done here: that is a bare tranſlation from the FRENCH; the poet here has only taken the hint.

LXXXVIII.

AMONG the fair that *Hide-Park Circus* grace,
Canidia seeks admirers of her face;
In vain her airs, in vain her arts she tries,
Among those beauties that engage all eyes:
Bright rays, like diamonds, they around 'em fling,
Whilst she is but the *Cypher* of the *Ring*.

LXXXIX.

To a FOOL *going to travel.*

YOU say you'll spend a thousand pound,
The world and men to know,
And take a tour all *Europe* round,
Improving as you go.

Dear *Jack*, in search of others sense,
Discover not your own;
But wisely double the expence,
That you may pass unknown.

XC.

ITAPH *upon a Gentleman and his Son.*

IS peaceful tomb does now contain,
Father and ſon together laid;
e living virtues ſhall remain
ien they, and this, are quite decay'd.

man could be, to ripeneſs grown,
d finiſh'd worth could do, or ſhun,
ll was in the father ſhown;
at youth could promiſe, in the ſon.

eath, obdurate, both deſtroy'd,
e perfect fruit, and opening bud;
eiz'd thoſe ſweets we had enjoy'd,
ea robb'd us of the coming good.

XCI.

Written in the blank Leaf of an OVID.

OVID is the ſureſt guide,
You can find, to ſhew the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who intends to go aſtray.

XCII.

To OLIVER CROMWEL: *By the famous Mr.* LOCKE.

A Peaceful ſway the great *Auguſtus* bore,
O'er what great *Julius* gain'd by arms before.
Julius was all with martial trophies crown'd;
Auguſtus for his peaceful arts renown'd.
Rome calls 'em great, and makes 'em deities;
That, for his valour; This, his policies.
You, mighty prince, than both are greater far,
Who rule, in peace, that world you gain'd by war:
You ſure from heav'n a finiſh'd hero fell,
Who thus alone two pagan gods excell.

XCIII.

On the SEVEN BISHOPS.

TRUE *Englishmen*, drink a good health to the mitre,
Let our church ever flourish, tho' her enemies spite her:
May their cunning and forces no longer prevail,
And their malice, as well as their arguments, fail:
Then remember the Seven, which supported our cause,
As stout as our *martyrs*, and as just as our *laws*.

XCIV.

On a Picture of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT, *drawn playing on a Lute, after her Death.*

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand so blest, with skill divine,
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

XCV.

Epitaph on SALLY SALISBURY.

HERE flat on her back, but unactive at last,
Poor *Sally* lies under grim death;
Thro' the course of her vices she gallop'd so fast,
No wonder she's now out of breath.

To the goal of her pleasures she drove very hard,
But was tripp'd up e'er half way she ran;
And tho' every one fancied her life was a Yard,
Yet it prov'd to be less than a Span.

XCVI.

On a crooked Woman.

SHE's bent, like a ninepence, and would have been broken,
Had not nature intended the devil a token.

XCVII.

On Lady SUNDERLAND.

ALL nature's charms in *Sunderland* appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear;
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

XCVIII.

NATURE, in pity, has deny'd you shape,
Else how should mortals *Flavia*'s chain escape?
Your radiant aspect, and your rosy bloom,
Without this form, would bring a gen'ral doom:
At once our Ruin, and Relief, we see;
At sight are captives, and at sight are free.

XCIX.

PAULUS, the famous quack, renown'd afar,
For killing more than pestilence or war,
Of late, in orders, is a curate made,
And buries people—not to change his trade.

C.

To Dr. SWIFT: *By a Gentleman who imitated his Manner and Stile in writing.*

YOU who firſt taught us in this iſle
True humour, dreſs'd in beauteous ſtile;
Apollo's ſubſtitute, moſt fit
To raiſe and cultivate our wit.
In this we have our diff'rent view,
You rival him, we copy you;
And copy too with great miſtake,
Thoſe noble draughts you often make.
So when the buckler, dropt by fate,
From heav'n, to ſave the *Roman* ſtate;
Others were made a common crew,
To guard, but not eclipſe the true.
Our whole pretence to paſs for wits,
Is that we are your counterfeits.

CI.

On some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.

THOSE envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair:
Grieving to find themselves surpast,
Dissolv'd into a tear. ——

CII.

NATURE's chief gifts unequally are carv'd;
She surfeits some, while many more are starv'd:
Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
Was common good, is now made private store;
Nothing that's good we have among us common,
But all enjoy the common ill —— a woman.

CIII.

Lady CARLISLE *going to the Country.*

AT once the ſun and *Carliſle* took their way
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtue he, their beauty ſhe beſtow'd.

CIV.

Upon a Lady, who finding her Pocket wet, pretended ſhe had broke her Hartſhorn Bottle in it.

YE ſons of verſe, tranſmit to fame,
How bleſt the life of miſs is;
When ſhe breaks wind, *Shock* bears the blame;
And Hartſhorn, when ſhe piſſes. *

* We are afraid the humour of this turn won't be ſufficient to excuſe the indecency; but let our readers conſider how difficult it is to find every excellence in conjunction; it is certainly an epigram according to the ſtricteſt rules.

CV.

To Lady MARY CHURCHILL.

FAIREST and lateſt of thy beauteous race,
Bleſt with your parent's wit, and her firſt
blooming face.
Born with our liberties in *William*'s reign;
Your eyes alone that liberty reſtrain.

CVI.

EPITAPH *on a Gentleman who died by taking* CANTHARIDES.

HERE old *Grubbinol* lies,
Upon very odd terms;
Firſt a prey to the *flies*,
Now a prey to the *worms*.
Let thoſe who grieve for him not wonder he's [flown,
For the carcaſs muſt rot, when the fleſh is *fly-blown*.
Yet This may be ſaid in his praiſe,
Tho' death, cruel death, from us tore him,
He died endeav'ring to raiſe
His friend, who was dead long before him.

CVII.

On Mrs. DASHWOOD.

FAIR as the blushing grape she stands,
Tempting the gath'rers ready hands;
Blossoms and fruit in her together meet,
As ripe as *Autumn*, and, like *April*, sweet.

CVIII.

On a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the Tragedy of CATO.

WHILST maudlin whigs deplore their *Cato*'s fate,
Still with dry eyes the tory *Celia* sat:
But, tho' her pride forbad her eyes to flow,
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious streams she mourns,
Like twenty river-gods, with all their urns.
Let others screw an hypocritick face,
She shews her grief in a sincerer place!
Here Nature reigns, and passion, void of art;
For this road leads directly to the heart.

CIX.

Drinking Lady BRIDGEWATER's *Health.*

ALL health to her, in whoſe bright form we find
Exceſs of charms, with native meekneſs join'd;
Whoſe tender beauty, ſafe in virtue's care,
Springs from a race ſo fruitful of the fair,
That all antiquity can boaſt no more;
For *Venus* and the Graces were but four.

CX.

OF injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,
Cloe complains, and wondrouſly's aggriev'd:
That free and laviſh of a beauteous face,
The faireſt and the fouleſt of her race,
She's mine, or thine, and ſtroling up and down,
Sucks in more filth than any ſink in town:
I not deny, this, I have ſaid is true;
What wrong! to give ſo bright a nymph her due?

CXI.

CORNUS proclaims aloud, his wife's a whore;
Alas, good *Cornus*, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

CXII.

On a painted Lady with ill Teeth.

WERE men so dull, they could not see
That *Lyce* painted; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net
So grosly woven, and ill set,
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair *Lyce* must not show,
If she would bite. Her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes;
The rotten bones, discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

CXIII.

IN church, the pray'r-book and the fan diſplay'd,
And ſolemn curt'ſies, ſhew the wily maid;
At plays, the leering looks, and wanton airs,
And nods, and ſmiles, are fondly meant for ſnares.
Alas! vain charmer, you no lovers get;
There you ſeem hypocrite, and here coquet.

CXIV.

CLOE, new-married, looks at men no more:
Why then 'tis plain for what ſhe look'd before.

CXV.

THAIS, her teeth are black and naught,
Lucania's white are grown;
But what's the reaſon? Theſe are bought,
The other wears her own.

CXVI.

PHYLLIS, the fairest of love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon;
Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd beaus,
What has she now to brag on?
So long she kept her legs so close,
Till they have scarce a rag on.

Compell'd, thro' want, this wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin;
Which surly *Strephon* hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin,
To pity such a lazy jade,
As would not play nor spin.

CXVII.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since, by their error, we are taught,
That happiness is but opinion.

CXVIII.

ADAM *pos'd.*

COULD our firſt father, at his toilſome plough,
Thorns in his path, and labour on his brow,
Cloath'd only in a rude unpoliſh'd skin;
Could he, a vain, fantaſtick nymph have ſeen,
In all her airs, in all her antick graces,
Her various faſhions, and more various faces;
How had it pos'd that skill, which late aſſign'd
Juſt appellations to each ſev'ral kind,
A right idea of the ſight to frame,
To gueſs from what new element ſhe came,
To hit the wavering form, or give the thing
a name.

CXIX.

TO put out the word, Whore, thou doſt me woo,
Thro'out my book. 'Troth put out Woman too.

CXX.

CXX.

THY nags (the leaneſt things alive)
So very hard thou lov'ſt to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman ſay,
It coſt thee more in whips, than hay.

CXXI.

On Mrs. BARBIERE'*s firſt Appearance on the Stage.*

NO pleaſure now from *Nicolini*'s tongue,
In vain he ſtrives to move us with his ſong:
On a fair *Syren* we have fix'd our choice,
And wait, with longing ears, for *Barbiere*'s voice:
When, lo! the nymph, by baſhful awe betray'd,
Her fault'ring tongue denies her looks its aid;
But ſo much innocence adorns her fears,
And with ſuch grace her modeſty ſhe wears,
By her diſorder, all her charms encreaſe,
And had ſhe better ſung, ſhe'd pleas'd us leſs.

CXXII.

TO morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
Beyond the *Indies* does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
To morrow I will live, the fool does say:
To day itself 's too late; the wise liv'd yesterday.

CXXIII.

To a Lady who commended another's Eyes.

IN vain by parallels you strive,
Panthea's eyes to praise;
Perfection, which we can't conceive,
Itself alone displays.

Gaze on them only, if you'd know
What dazzling rays they dart;
But, if what piercing shafts they throw,
Then view my wounded heart.

CXXIV.

To a Jealous Husband.

TELL me, *Sileno*, why you fill,
With fancy'd woes, your life;
Why's all your time expended ſtill,
In thinking, or in talking ill,
Of your too virtuous wife.

For, faith, I can't ſee to what end
You keep her up ſo cloſe,
Nor how you could yourſelf offend,
That like a ſnail, my gloomy friend,
You never leave your houſe.

Ah! were ſhe but advis'd by me,
Her many taunts and ſcorns,
With int'reſt ſhould refunded be;
She'd make a perfect ſnail of thee,
By decking thee with horns.

CXXV.

JEALOUSY. *By a Lady.*

OH ſhield me from his rage, cœleſtial powers,
This tyrant that imbitters all my hours.
Ah, love, you've poorly play'd the monarch's part,
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
So bleſt was I, throughout thy happy reign,
I thought this monſter baniſh'd from thy train;
But you would raiſe him, to ſupport your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own:
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed,
That where one reigns, the other ſhall ſucceed?

CXXVI.

FROM her own native *France*, as old *Aliſon* paſt,
She reproach'd *Engliſh Nell*, with neglect, or with malice,
That the flattern had left, in the hurry and haſte,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at *Calais*.

CXXVII.

OVID, who bid the ladies laugh,
Spoke only to the young and fair;
For thee his council were not ſafe,
Who of ſound teeth haſt ſcarce a pair.

If thou thy glaſs, or me, believe,
Shun mirth, as foplings do the wind;
At *Pinkey*'s face affect to grieve,
And let thy eyes alone be kind.

Speak not, tho' 'twere to give conſent;
For he that ſees thoſe rotten bones,
Will dread their monumental ſcent,
And fly your ſighs, like dying groans.

If thou art wiſe, ſee diſmal plays,
And to ſad ſtories lend thy ear;
With the afflicted ſpend thy days,
And laugh not above once a year.

CXXVIII.

RUTT, to the ſuburb beauties full well known,
Was from the bag ſcarce crept into a gown,
When he, by telling of himſelf fine tales,
Was made a judge, and ſent away to *Wales*.
'Twas proper, and moſt fit it ſhould be ſo,
Whither ſhould goats, but to the mountains go?

CXXIX.

TOO conſcious of her worth, a noble maid,
Balk'd many a lover, and her time out-ſtaid;
While yet a peer, leſs doubting than the reſt,
Defy'd her coldneſs, and attack'd her breaſt.
A ſpaniel whelp, and ſpaniel lord, declare
Their vows to ſerve, and hopes to pleaſe the fair:
The cautious nymph, ſtill fearing a trepan,
Their fortune, wit, and worth did nicely ſcan;
Then, as the reaſon of the caſe is clear,
Embrac'd the puppy, and diſmiſs'd the peer.

CXXX.

WHEN *Thomas* calls his wife, his half,
I like the fellow's whim;
For why? ſhe horns him; ſo the jilt
Belongs but half to him.

CXXXI.

On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD.

WHEN *Cupid* did his grandſire *Jove* intreat,
To form ſome beauty by a new receipt,
Jove ſent and found, far in a country ſcene;
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look ſerene,
From which ingredients, firſt, the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy;
The graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride;
Theſe *Venus* cleans'd from every ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain:
Jove mixt up all, and his beſt clay imploy'd;
Then call'd the happy compoſition, *Floyd*.

CXXXII.

To the Duke DE NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you expreſs,
That uncall'd *Alard* will poſſeſs
Your houſe and coach, both day and night;
And that *Mackbeth* was haunted leſs *
By *Banquo*'s reſtleſs ſpright.

With fifteen thouſand pounds a year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may ſo ſoon retrieve?
Good *Alard*, faith, is modeſter
By much, than you believe.

Lend him but fifty *Louis d'or*,
And you ſhall never ſee him more:
Take the advice; *Probatum eſt.*
Why do the gods indulge our ſtore,
But to ſecure our reſt?

* This epigram is addreſs'd to the duke DE NOAILLES, if we may believe the title; it is certainly very abſurd, for that reaſon, to allude to an ENGLISH play: the beauty of this compariſon can only be underſtood by ENGLISHMEN, and indeed but by few of them. The verſes upon the whole don't want wit; but conſidering that the thought in the laſt ſtanza is ſtolen from a FRENCH epigram, it was, at leaſt, impolitick to inſcribe it to a FRENCH man of quality.

CXXXIII.

Written on the Chamber Door of CHARLES II.

HERE lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

CXXXIV.

To a Lady who made Posies for R

I Little thought the time would ever be,
That I should wit in dwarfish posies see:
As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all sense dost give.
'Twas nature taught you this rare art,
In such a little, much to shew,
Who all the good, she did impart
To womankind, epitomiz'd in you.

CXXXV.

GUILTY, be wise; and tho' thou know'st the crimes
Be thine, I tax, yet do not own my rhimes:
'Twere madness in thee, to betray thy fame
And person to the world, e'er I thy name.

CXXXVI.

GUILTY, because I bade you late be wise,
And, to conceal your ulcers, did advise;
You laugh when you are touch'd, and long before
Any man else, you clap your hands, and roar,
And cry, Good! good! This quite perverts my sense,
And lies so far from wit, 'tis impudence.
Believe it, *Guilty*, if you lose your shame,
I'll lose my modesty, and tell your name.

CXXXVII.

On GILES *and* JOAN.

WHO ſays that *Giles* and *Joan* at diſcord be?
Th' obſerving neighbours no ſuch mood can ſee.
Indeed, poor *Giles* repents he married ever;
But that his *Joan* doth too. And *Giles* would never,
By his free-will, be in *Joan*'s company;
No more would *Joan* he ſhould. *Giles* riſeth early,
And having got him out of doors is glad;
The like is *Joan*: But, turning home, is ſad;
And ſo is *Joan*. Oft times when *Giles* doth find
Harſh ſights at home, *Giles* wiſheth he were blind;
All this doth *Joan*: Or, that his long-yearn'd life
Were quite out-ſpun; the like wiſh hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, *Giles* ſwears are none
Of his begetting; and ſo ſwears his *Joan*.
In all affections ſhe concurreth ſtill:
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The ſelf ſame things, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree.

CXXXVIII.

On a Robbery.

DWAY robb'd *Duncote* of three hundred
pound;
lway was taken, and condemn'd to die;
for his money, was a courtier found,
gg'd *Ridway*'s pardon: *Duncote* now doth cry,
'd both of money, and the law's relief,
courtiér is become the greater thief.

CXXXIX.

the Dutchess of Portsmouth's *Picture.*

AD she but liv'd in *Cleopatra*'s age,
When beauty did the earth's great lords engage,
in, not *Ægypt*, had been glorious made;
ustus then, like *Julius*, had obey'd:
obler theme had been the poet's boast,
t all the world for love had well been lost.

CXL.

A Flower painted by VARELST.

WHEN fam'd *Varelſt* this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchſaf'd the growing work to view;
Finding the painter's ſcience at a ſtand,
The goddeſs ſnatch'd the pencil from his hand,
And finiſhing the piece, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
Behold one work of mine, which ne'er ſhall fade.

CXLI.

ON his death-bed poor *Lubin* lies,
His ſpouſe is in deſpair,
With frequent ſobs, and mutual cries,
They both expreſs their care.

A diff'rent cauſe, ſays parſon *Sly*,
The ſame effect may give;
Poor *Lubin* fears that he ſhall die,
His wife that he may live.

CXLII.

FYE, *Delia*, talk no more of love,
It galls me to the heart;
You threeſcore are, I doubt, above,
For all your plaiſt'ring art.
And therefore ſpare your pains, you may;
For, though you preſs one night and day,
I can't do what my ſoul abhors.
Or, by your art's aſſiſtance, tho' I might
Prevail upon my appetite,
I durſt not couple tho' I ſwear
With you, of all the world, for fear
Of cuckolding my anceſtors.

CXLIII.

WHAT a frail thing is beauty, ſays baron *le Cras*,
Perceiving his miſtreſs had one eye of glaſs;
And ſcarcely had he ſpoke it,
When ſhe, more confus'd, as more angry ſhe grew,
By a negligent rage, prov'd the maxim too true;
She dropp'd the eye, and broke it.

CXLIV.

To CHARINUS, *an ugly Woman's Husband.*

CHARINUS, 'twas my hap of late,
To have a ſight of thy dear mate;
So white, ſo flouriſhing, ſo fair,
So trim, ſo modeſt, debonair;
That if good *Jove* wou'd grant to me
A leaſh of beauties, ſuch as ſhe,
I'd give the devil, at one word,
Two, that he'd take away the third.

CXLV.

On a Lady's wearing a Patch.

THAT little patch upon your face,
Would ſeem a foil on one leſs fair;
On you it hides a charming grace,
And you, in pity, plac'd it there.

CXLVI.

From the GREEK.

GREAT *Bacchus*, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire,
Nourish'd near shady rills, and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames:
To all the brethren at the *Bell* and *Vine*,
The moral says, Mix water with your wine.

CXLVII.

In behalf of Mr. SOUTHERNE:

To the Duke of ARGYLE.

ARGYLE, his praise when *Southerne* wrote,
First struck out this, and then that thought,
Said, This was flatt'ry, That a fault:
How shall the bard contrive?
My lord, consider what you do,
He'll lose his pains, and verses too;
For if these praises fit not you,
They'll serve no man alive.

CXLVIII.

CLOE brisk and gay appears,
On purpoſe to invite;
Yet, when I preſs her, ſhe in tears
Denies her ſole delight.

Whilſt *Celia*, ſeeming ſhy and coy,
To all her favours grants;
And ſecretly receives that joy,
Which others think ſhe wants.

I would, but fear I never ſhall,
With either fair agree;
For *Celia* will be kind to All,
But *Cloe* won't to Me.

CXLIX.

WHEN *Loveleſs* marry'd lady *Jenny*,
Whoſe beauty was —— the ready penny;
I choſe her, ſays he, like old plate,
Not for the faſhion, but the weight.

CL.

To a Painter, drawing a LADY'*s Picture.* †

HE * who great *Jove*'s artill'ry ap'd ſo well,
By real thunder and true lightning fell:
How then durſt thou, with equal danger, try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye?
Painter, deſiſt; or ſoon th' event will prove,
That *Love*'s as jealous of his arms as *Jove*.

CLI.

A Self-Accuſer.

YOUR miſtreſs, that you follow whores, ſtill taxeth you;
'Tis ſtrange that ſhe ſhould thus confeſs it, tho't be true.

† This thought is uſed by another poet, ſee N°. XIV, but much more elegantly here: who is the borrower, we can't decide; but this may paſs for one of the beſt epigrams in our language.

* SALMONEUS.

CLVI.

On SUICIDE: *From* MARTIAL.

WHEN all the blandiſhments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death, the brave
lives on.

CLVII.

To a SEMPSTRESS.

OH what boſom but muſt yield,
When, like *Pallas*, you advance,
With a thimble for your ſhield,
And a needle for your lance?

Faireſt of the ſtitching train,
Eaſe my paſſion by your art;
And, in pity to my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my heart.

CLVIII.

Mr. PRIOR'*s Epitaph.*

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of *Matthew Prior*;
The son of *Adam* and of *Eve*:
Let *Bourbon* or *Nassau* go higher.

CLIX.

Answer to PRIOR'*s Epitaph.* *

HOLD, *Matthew Prior*, by your leave,
Your epitaph is somewhat odd;
Bourbon and you are sons of *Eve*,
Nassau's the off-spring of a god.

* This has a place here for no other reason but its relation to the preceding, which is delicate and beautiful; the epitaph may pass for wit and nature, but the answer is no better than flattery and froth.

CLX.

To a Lady, on ſeeing ſome Verſes in Praiſe of her, on a Pane of Glaſs.

LET others, brittle beauties of a year,
See their frail names, and lovers vows writ here;
Who ſings thy ſolid worth and ſpotleſs fame,
On pureſt adamant ſhould cut thy name:
Then would thy fame be from oblivion ſav'd;
On thy own heart my vows muſt be engrav'd.

CLXI.

IN ſporting mood, my *Celia* ſaid,
You brag, and often boaſt you,
How much each tooth within my head,
At diff'rent times, has coſt you.

I grant my laſt were in your debt,
A crown, or ſome ſuch matter;
But thoſe I've now, are a new ſet;
Or ask the operator.

CLXII.

Advice to a late Translator of VIRGIL.

MIND but thy preaching, *T*——, translate no further:
Is it not written, *Thou shalt do no murther.*

CLXIII.

On a little House, built by a Poetical Gentleman.

A Bard grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself:
This enrag'd god *Apollo*, who *Mercury* sent,
And bid him go ask what his votary meant.
Some foe to my empire has been his adviser,
'Tis of dreadful portent when a poet turns miser:
Tell him, *Hermes*, from me, tell that subject of mine,
I have sworn, by the *Styx*, to defeat his design;
For where-ever he comes the muses shall reign;
And the muses, he knows, have a numerous train.

CLXIV.

An Epitaph.

Here innocence and beauty lies, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely death.
Hence did she go, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

CLXV.

Sylvia, methinks you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace;
For tho' we all allow you wit,
We can't a handsome face.

Then where's the pleasure, where's the good
Of spending time and cost?
For if your wit ben't understood,
Your keeper's bliss is lost.

CLXVI.

To an angry Lady.

THESEUS, (if faith may build on fame)
Who courted with ſa ſa,
And won the furious fighting dame,
By cuffing, or club-law:
I believe, *Thaleſtris* won't deny,
Had much an eaſier task than I.

Hypolita was arm'd with ſpear,
But you with tongue dead-doing;
Then is not ours, my angry dear,
The fierceſt way of wooing?
Her ſpark had found her courage true,
Had ſhe but drove at him, like you.

When the fell noiſe of claſhing ſwords
Upon their bucklers rung;
Had ſhe but try'd the pow'r of words,
And laſh'd him with her tongue,
She'd made the hero quickly yield,
Or, juſt as I do, — quit the field.

CLXVII.

On a handſome Woman with a fine Voice, but very covetous and proud.

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their *Orpheus* along;
But ſuch is thy avarice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

CLXVIII.

BEFORE her husband, *Lesbia* calls me names,
And at the lewdneſs of the town exclaims:
This tickles the poor cuckold to the life,
And he thanks heav'n for ſuch a virtuous wife.
Contented fool! — indeed you reaſon wrong;
If ſhe were virtuous, ſhe would hold her tongue;
Scandal and noiſe do not her virtue prove,
But are the marks of unextinguiſh'd love.

CLXIX.

De Die MARTIS *& Die* VENERIS.

SATURN, and *Sol*, and *Luna* chaste,
'Twixt *Mars* and *Venus* still are plac'd,
Whilst *Mercury* and *Jove* divide
The lovers on the other side.
What may the hidden mystery
Of this unriddled order be?
The gods themselves do justly fear,
That should they trust these two too near;
Mars would be drown'd in *Venus*, and so they
Should lose a planet, and the week a day.

CLXX. *

O'ER this marble drop a tear,
Here lies fair *Rosalinde*;
All mankind was pleas'd with her,
And she with all mankind.

* Compare this with N°. XXIX.

CLXXI.

COME, *Megg*, be quick, and make the bed,
Now tuck the feet, now place the head,
I'll kiſs you, if you don't beſtir ye;
Quoth *Megg*, I can't abide to hurry.

CLXXII.

On a high Arch, built over a ſmall Stream by a certain Nobleman.

THE lofty arch, his high ambition ſhows;
The ſtream, an emblem of his bounty flows.

CLXXIII.

WHEN *Tadloe* walks the ſtreets, the paviors cry,
God bleſs you, ſir—and lay their rammers by.

CLXXIV.

To a Person who wrote ill, and spake worse against the Author.

LIE, *Philo*, untouch'd on my peaceable shelf;
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee:
I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself;
Then why should I answer; since first I must read thee?

Drunk with *Helicon*'s waters, and double-brew'd bub,
Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookseller, *Bragg*.

Pursue me with satyr; what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou shalt print;
There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.

CLXXV.

To a ROMAN CATHOLICK, *upon Marriage.*

CENSURE and penances, excommunication,
Are bug-bear words to fright a bigot nation;
But 'tis the church's more ſubſtantial curſe,
To damn us all, for better and for worſe.
Falſely your church ſeven ſacraments does frame,
Penance and matrimony are the ſame.

CLXXVI.

THAT thou doſt ſhorten thy long nights with wine,
We all forgive thee, for ſo *Cato* did:
That thou writ'ſt poems without one good line,
Tully's example may that weakneſs hide.

Thou art a cuckold, ſo great *Cæſar* was;
Eat'ſt till thou ſpew'ſt, *Antonius* did the ſame;
That thou lov'ſt whores, *Jove* loves a buxom laſs;
But that thou'rt whipt, is thy peculiar ſhame.

CLXXVII.

IRO' ſervile flattery thou doſt all commend;
Who cares to pleaſe, where no man can offend?

CLXXVIII.

)S*CUS*, thou ſay'ſt my epigrams are long;
I'd take thy judgment on a pot of ale:
hou may'ſt ſay the elephant's too ſtrong,
dwarf too ſhort, the pyramid too tall;
ngs are not long, where we can nothing ſpare;
ıt, *Coſcus*, e'en thy diſtichs tedious are.

CLXXIX.

E*ORGE* came to the crown without ſtriking a blow:
quoth the pretender, would I could do ſo.

CLXXX.

IN marriage are two happy things allow'd,
A wife in wedding-ſheets, and in a ſhroud:
How can a marriage-ſtate then be accurs'd,
Since the laſt day's as happy as the firſt?

CLXXXI.

Written over a Gate.

HERE lives a man, who, by relation,
Depends upon predeſtination;
For which the learned, and the wiſe,
His underſtanding much deſpiſe:
But I pronounce, with loyal tongue,
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could ſuch a wretch ſucceed,
But that, alas! it was *decreed?*

CLXXXII.

LOVE *and* JEALOUSY.

HOW much are they deceiv'd who vainly ſtrive,
By jealous fears, to keep our flames alive?
Love's like a torch, which if ſecur'd from blaſts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer laſts;
Expos'd to ſtorms of jealouſy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis ſooner out.

CLXXXIII.

WHILE faſter than his coſtive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
His caſe appears to me like honeſt *Teague*'s,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phœbus, give *Philo* o'er himſelf command;
Quicken his ſenſes, or reſtrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he ceaſe to write, and learn to think.

CLXXXIV.

PHYLLIS'*s Age.*

How old may *Phyllis* be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task:
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face,
And *Phyllis* is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night astronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd;
And *Phyllis* is some forty-three.

CLXXXV.

For the AUTHOR'*s Tombstone.*

To me 'tis giv'n to die, to thee 'tis giv'n
To live; alas! one moment sets us even:
Mark how impartial is the will of heav'n.

CLXXXVI.

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at night;
When ſober in the morning, dares not fight:
Thraſo, to ſhun thoſe ills that may enſue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

CLXXXVII.

Againſt an ATHEIST.

WHILST in his double-elbow chair
Young *Alcidor* does loll and ſwear,
No wonder if a wretch, like me,
Am object of his raillery;
Why ſhould not I a blockhead ſeem
To one, who does his God blaſpheme?
But no man thinks (whate'er he ſaith)
His words are articles of faith.

CLXXXVIII.

On a very homely Lady, that patch'd much.

YOUR homely face, *Flippanta*, you disguise
With patches, numerous as *Argus'* eyes:
I own that patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleas'd, if less your face we view:
Yet I advise, if my advice you'd ask,
Wear but one patch; but be that patch a mask.

CLXXXIX.

WHEN gammar *Gurton* first I knew,
Four teeth in all she reckon'd;
Comes a damn'd cough, and whips out two,
And t'other two, a second.

Courage, old Dame, and do not fear
The third, whene'er it comes;
Give me but t'other jug of beer,
And I'll ensure your gums.

CXC.

VENUS *and* ADONIS.

SCARCE had the ſun dry'd up the dewy morn,
And ſcarce the herd gone to the hedge for ſhade,
When *Cytherea* (all in love forlorn)
A longing tariance for *Adonis* made,

Under an ozier, growing near a brook;
A brook where *Adon*' us'd to cool his ſpleen.
Hot was the day, ſhe hotter, that did look
For his approach, who often there had been.

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And ſtood ſtark naked on the brook's green brim;
The ſun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not ſo wiſtly as this queen on him:

He ſpying her, bounc'd in (whereas he ſtood;)
Oh! *Jove*, (quoth ſhe) why was not I a flood?

CXCI.

Written in CLARINDA'*s Prayer-Book.*

IN vain, *Clarinda*, night and day,
For mercy to the gods you pray:
What arrogance, on heav'n to call
For that, which you deny to all!

CXCII.

Written in a Lady's Table Book.

WITH what ſtrange raptures would my ſoul be bleſt,
Were but her book an emblem of her breaſt?
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontroul'd, put new ones in their place;
So might I chace all others from her heart,
And my own image in the ſtead impart:
But, ah! how ſhort the bliſs would prove, if he
Who ſeiz'd it next, might do the ſame by me.

CXCIII.

RICH *Gripe* does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T'encreaſe that wealth he wants the ſoul to ſpend:
Poor *Shifter* does his whole contrivance ſet,
To ſpend that wealth he wants the ſenſe to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had *Gripe* his humour, or he *Gripe*'s eſtate?
Kind fate and fortune, blend 'em, if you can,
And, of two wretches, make one happy man.

CXCIV. *

WHILST in the dark on thy ſoft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting *Syren*, in thy tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguiſh I endur'd!
But, when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

* This is imitated from MARTIAL very happily; ſee it done otherwiſe, N°. LIV.

CXCV.

MARTIN, pox on him, that impudent devil,
That now only lives by his ſhifts,
By borrowing of driblets, and gifts;
For a forlorn guinea I lent him laſt day,
Which I was aſſur'd he never would pay;
On my own paper would needs be ſo civil,
To give me a note of his hand:
But I did the man ſo well underſtand,
I had no great mind to be doubly trepan'd:
And therefore told him 'twas needleſs to do't.
For, ſaid I, I ſhall not be haſty to dun ye,
And 'tis ſurely enough to part with my [money,
Without loſing my paper to boot.

CXCVI.

THOU ſwear'ſt thou'lt drink no more: kind heav'n, ſend
Me ſuch a cook or coachman, but no friend.

CXCVII.

WHEN thou art ask'd to ſup abroad,
Thou ſwear'ſt thou haſt but newly din'd;
That eating late does overload
The ſtomach, and oppreſs the mind:

But if *Appicius* makes a treat,
The ſlender'ſt ſummons thou obey'ſt;
No child is greedier of the teat,
Than thou art of the bounteous feaſt.

There thou wilt drink, till every ſtar
Be ſwallow'd by the riſing ſun:
Such charms hath wine we pay not for;
And mirth, at other's charge begun.

Who ſhuns his club, yet flies to every treat,
Does not a ſupper, but a reck'ning hate.

CXCVIII.

CLOE's the wonder of her ſex,
'Tis well her heart is tender:
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex,
With Virtue to defend her?

But nature, graciouſly inclin'd,
Not bent to vex, but pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs beauty join'd
A boundleſs will to eaſe us.

CXCIX.

To Mr. POPE, *on his Tranſlation of* HOMER.

SO much, dear *Pope*, thy *Engliſh Iliad* charms,
Where pity melts us, or where paſſion warms,
That after-ages ſhall with wonder ſeek,
Who 'twas tranſlated *Homer* into *Greek*.

CC.

.LL me, *Dorinda*, why ſo gay,
Why ſuch embroidery, fringe, and lace?
any dreſſes find a way
ſop th' approaches of decay,
nd mend a ruin'd face?

: thou ſtill ſparkle in the box,
nd ogle in the ring?
ſt thou forget thy age and pox?
all that ſhines on ſhells and rocks
ake thee a fine young thing?

ıave I ſeen, in larder dark,
f veal a lucid loin,
leat with many a ſtarry ſpark,
viſe philoſophers remark,
t once both ſtink and ſhine.

CCI.

THOU ſpeakeſt always ill of me,
I always ſpeak well of thee:
But, ſpite of all our noiſe and pother,
The world believes nor one, nor t'other.

CCII.

WHY do they ſay the goddeſs *Fortune*'s blin
Becauſe ſhe's only to th' unjuſt inclin'd
This reaſon nought her blindneſs does declare
They only fortune need who wicked are.

CCIII.

Under the Picture of a BEAU.

THIS vain thing ſet up for a man,
But ſee what fate attends him:
The powd'ring-barber firſt began,
The barber-ſurgeon ends him.

CCIV.

To his false Mistress.

THOU said'st that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou would'st abandon *Jove.*
I lov'd thee then; not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now; and, tho' I fiercer burn,
Thou art become the object of my scorn.
See what thy falshood gets! I must confess
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

CCV.

SILVIA makes sad complaints, she's lost her lover:
Why nothing strange I in that news discover.
Nay, then thou'rt dull; for here the wonder lies,
She had a lover once—don't that surprize?

CCVI.

PALLAS *and* VENUS.

THE *Trojan* ſwain had judg'd the great di
And beauty's pow'r obtain'd the golde
When *Venus*, looſe in all her naked charms
Met *Jove*'s great daughter clad in ſhining
The wanton goddeſs view'd the warlike m
From head to foot, and tauntingly ſhe ſaid
Yield, ſiſter; rival, yield; naked, you ſe
I vanquiſh; gueſs how potent I ſhould be,
If to the field I came in armour dreſt,
Dreadful like thine my ſhield, and terrible m
The warriour goddeſs, with diſdain, re
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once adviſe,
And, *Venus*, (if 'tis poſſible) be wiſe.
Thou, to be ſtrong, muſt put off every dr
Thy only armour is thy nakedneſs:
And more than once (or thou art much bel
By *Mars* himſelf that armour has been try'

CCVII.

I Offer love, but thou reſpect wilt have:
Take, *Sextus*, all thy pride and folly crave:
But know, I can be no man's friend and ſlave.

CCVIII.

MY *Lesbia* ſwears ſhe would *Catullus* wed,
Tho' *Jove* himſelf ſhould come and ask her bed:
True, this ſhe ſwears by all the pow'rs above;
But ſhe's a woman, ſpeaking to her love:
That ſingle thought my growing faith defeats;
'Tis neceſſary for them to be cheats:
They muſt be falſe, they muſt their oaths forget,
So pleaſing is the letch'ry of deceit:
What women tell their ſervants ſade like dreams,
And ſhould be writ in air, or running ſtreams.

CCIX.

ALL things are common amongſt friends, th [ſay'
This is thy morning and thy evening ſon
Thou in rich point, and *Indian* ſilk art dreſs'd,
Six foreign ſteeds to thy calaſh belong :
Whilſt by my cloaths the ragman ſcarce wo [gai
And an uneaſy hackney jolts my ſides ;
A cloak embroider d intercepts thy rain,
A worſted camblet my torn breeches hides.

Turbots and mullets thy large diſhes hold ;
In mine a ſolitary whiting lies :
Thy train might fire the impotent and old ;
Whilſt my poor hand a *Ganymede* ſupplies.

For an old wanting friend thou'lt nothing do ;
Yet all is common among friends, we know :
Nothing ſo common as to uſe them ſo.

CCX.

PIOUS *Selinda* goes to pray'rs,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this reſtraint,
Or elſe had hopes to win her;
Wou'd ſhe cou'd make of me a ſaint,
Or I of her a ſinner.

CCXI.

On Mr. POPE'*s Tranſlation of* HOMER.

AS oft, in vain, as he eſſay'd to tell
In foreign tongues, how *Troy* and *Priam* fell,
Old *Homer* has at laſt attain'd to ſpeak
In ſmoother accents than his native *Greek*;
Blind heretofore, the bard receives new ſight,
And ev'n in *age* becomes the *fair*'s delight:
How much to POPE is due from *us* and *him*?
Since HOMER *nods* no more, nor do his readers dream.

CCXII.

Mulieri nè crede, nè mortuæ quidem.

A Scolding wife ſo long a ſleep poſſeſs'd,
Her ſpouſe preſum'd her ſoul was now at reſt:
Sable was call'd, to hang the room with black;
And all their cheer was ſugar-rolls and ſack.
Two mourning ſlaves ſtood centry at the door;
And *Silence* reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd, in woful pomp, to *Abchurch-yard*:
When ſee, of narrow ſtreets what miſchiefs come!
The very dead can't paſs in quiet home:
By ſome rude jolt, the coffin-lid was broke;
And madam, from her dream of death, awoke.
Now all was ſpoil'd: the undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown away.
But ſome years after, when the former ſcene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
The tender husband took eſpecial care
To keep the paſſage from diſturbance clear;
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in ſuch another fright.

CCXIII.

On an ancient Lady that painted.

ıO *SMELIA*'s charms inſpire my lays,
Who's fair in nature's ſcorn ;
ooms in the winter of her days,
Like *Glaſtenbury* thorn.
ſmelia's cruel at threeſcore ;
Like bards in modern plays,
ur acts of life paſs'd guiltleſs o'er,
But in the fifth ſhe ſlays.
e'er, impatient of the bliſs,
into her arms you fall,
e plaiſter'd fair returns the kiſs,
Like *Thisbe*, thro' a wall.

CCXIV. *

vain, old *Dipſas*, you'd aſperſe my fame,
In vain with praiſes I'd adorn your name ;
ur ſatire's vain, my panegyrick too ;
no one credits either me, or you.

If this and N°. CCI be compared, they'll be found both
nſiſt of the ſame thought, as well as to owe their origin
at epigram of BUCHANAN.
ruſtra ego te laudo ; fruſtra me, Zoile, *ladis :*
Nemo tibi credit, Zoile ; *nemo mihi.*

CCXV.

Verses under a Lady's Picture.

THE poet and the painter safely dare
To form an image of the proudest fair:
Your brighter charms, by lavish nature wrought,
Transcend the painter's skill, and poet's thought.

CCXVI.

The MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they slight;
They neither act, nor reason right;
And nothing mind but pence:
Unskilful, they victorious are;
Conduct a kingdom without care;
A council, without sense.

So *Moses* once, and *Joshua*,
And that virago *Debora*,
Bestrid poor *Israel*:
Like rev'rence pay to these! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
Without a miracle?

CCXVII.

SAINT *Paul*'s rule *Gotta* keeps t'his wife; he's one
That hath a wife, and is as if he'd none.

CCXVIII.

Occasion'd by seeing some Verses on CÆLIA, *wrote on a Pane of Glass.*

WELL hast thou drawn, fond youth, in prop'rest place,
The short-liv'd beauties of false *Celia*'s face.
When words' obscurities thy sense o'ershade,
The place *gives light* to what thou would'st have said.
Bright as this lucid glass her eyes now seem;
Like this, breath'd on, by fell disease, grow dim.
Like glass is every strongest vow she makes,
Brittle as that, as easily she breaks;
Such is her honour: short her fame, we find,
Which crack'd, must perish by the first high wind.

CCXIX.

Imitated from BUCHANAN.

YOU oft, *Corinna*, ask me, if you're fair?
But won't believe me neither, till I ſwear.
May I ne'er — *Leda* win, or *Helen* gain,
If ſhe, or *Leda* could your power attain:
Both gods and men lov'd them, but yet they had
Their ſenſes ſtill — who loves *Corinna*'s mad.

CCXX. *

MART. *Epig.* 58. *Lib.* I.

YOU ask, dear *Will*, what we diſdain,
What girls our fancy pleaſe?
We like not thoſe give too much pain,
Nor thoſe we win with eaſe:
For thoſe our paſſions ſtarve; and theſe will cloy;
The middle only gives the greateſt joy.

* Let this verſion be compared with that in N°. LXIII.

CCXXI.

Upon a Boy and his Mother, having each but one Eye.

FAIR half-blind boy, born of an half-blind mother,
Equal'd by none, but by the one the other:
Lend her thine eye, ſweet boy, and ſhe ſhall prove
The queen of beauty, thou the god of love.

CCXXII.

On the ſame Subject. *

ACON his right, *Leonilla* her left eye
Doth want; yet each, in form, the gods out-vie.
Sweet boy, with thine, thy ſiſter's ſight improve;
So ſhall ſhe *Venus* be, thou god of love.

* Theſe two, and ſeveral others that I have met with upon this ſubject, are from a famous LATIN epigram of a modern author; which, as well for its exquiſite beauty, as to give the readers the better opportunity of judging of the ENGLISH, we will inſert;

Lumine Acon *dextro, capta eſt* Leonilla *ſiniſtro;*
Et potis eſt, forma vincere uterque deos.
Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede ſorori;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, *ſic erit illa* VENUS.

CCXXIII.

The HUSBAND: *By a Lady.*

THE poets ſing of old, that am'rous *Jove*,
In various ſhapes perform'd the feat of love.
Chang'd to a ſwan, he rifled *Leda*'s charms,
And, with a rival whiteneſs, fill'd her arms.
On *Danae*'s lap he fell a golden ſhower:
(Gold is the ſureſt friend in an amour.)
Now in a bull's, or ſatyr's griſly ſhape,
He on ſome beauty makes a welcome rape.
Nor think it ſtrange, that *Jove*'s almighty power,
Thro' theſe baſe forms, taught females to adore.
A likeneſs leſs agreeable he try'd,
He came a Husband to *Amphytrion*'s bride:
And, in a husband's ſhape, could welcome prove.
Who muſt not own th' omnipotence of *Jove*?

CCXXIV.

On a certain Writer.

HALF of your book is to an index grown;
You give your book *contents*, your reader none.

CCXXV.

Written in a Lady's Table Book, under a Prayer to the Virgin MARY.

IN the ſmooth plane your hand engraves,
You read your wiſhes, and your ſlave's.
You to the ſaint; to you I bow;
Nor fear a ſuperſtitious vow.

CCXXVI.

A Lady lately, that was fully ſped
Of all the pleaſures of the marriage-bed;
Ask'd a phyſician, Whether were more fit,
For *Venus*' ſports, the morning or the night?
The good old man made anſwer, as 'twas meet,
The morn more wholeſome, but the night more ſweet:
Nay then, i'faith, quoth ſhe, ſince we have leiſure,
We'll to't each morn for health, each night for pleaſure.

CCXXVII.

FINE madam *Wou'd-be*, wherefore ſhould you fear,
That love to *make* ſo well, a child to *bear*?
The world reputes you barren: but I know
Your 'pothecary, and his drugs ſay no.
Is it the pain affrights? that's ſoon forgot.
Or your complexion's loſs? you have a pot
That can reſtore that. Will it hurt your feature?
To make amends, you're thought a wholeſome creature.
What ſhould the cauſe be?—oh, you live at court;
And there's both loſs of time, and loſs of ſport
In a great belly: write then on thy womb,
Of the not Born, yet Buried, here's the tomb.

CCXXVIII.

DIAULUS ſexton from phyſician is
Of late become; and 'tis not much amiſs:
For now t' inter his care he may apply,
In This, thoſe kill'd in That capacity.*

* Compare this with N°. XCIX.

CCXXIX. *

GIVE me a girl (if one I needs muſt meet)
Or in her nuptial, or her winding ſheet.
I know but two good hours that women have;
One in the bed, another in the grave.
This of the whole ſex all I would deſire,
Is to enjoy their aſhes, or their fire.

CCXXX.

On a beautiful Lady with a fine Voice.

'TWAS ſaid of old, the *Thracian*'s pow'rful ſong
The rocks could move, and melt the *Stygian* throng;
And that his wife did ſo in form excell,
The doating husband fetch'd her back from hell:
But, what verſe durſt not feign, in you we find,
The tuneful voice, and beauteous frame conjoin'd;
The various charms, united, ſhine in thee,
Of fabled *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*.

* This ſeems to be akin to the thought in N°. CLXXX.

CCXXXI.

On Sir FRANCIS DRAKE *drown*

WHERE *Drake* first found, there last he lo
fame,
And for his tomb left nothing but his name.
His body's buried under some great wave,
The sea that was his glory, is his grave:
Of him no man true epitaph can make;
For, who can say, Here lies Sir *Francis Drak*

CCXXXII.

On CORINNA'*s Wish.*

THAT these flowers were men, wish, *Cor*
no more;
For soon, were they so, they must fruitless ad
The reverse of thy wish is made plain ev'ry hi
By thy cruel inconstance, that man's but a flo
When he's fresh in his youth, and in gaiety dre
You freely vouchsafe him a place in your breas
But, soon as his bloom, and beauty decay,
Like a flower, that's wither'd, you fling him a

CCXXXIII.

Turpe Lucrum Veneris.

WILL, in a wilful humour, needs wou'd wed
A wench of wonder, but without a stock;
Whose fame no sooner thro' the streets was spread,
But thither straight our chiefest gallants flock.
Put case she's poor, brings she not chapmen on?
I hope his stock may serve to graft upon.

CCXXXIV.

LOVE-TEARS.

BOAST not a golden rain, O *Jove*; behold,
Cupid descends in show'rs more rich than gold.

CCXXXV.

THAT ignorance makes devout, if right the notion,
Troth, *Rufus*, thou'rt a man of great devotion.

CCXXXVI.

LOVE *inconcealable.*

WHO can can hide fire? if 't be uncover'd, light;
If cover'd, ſmoke betrays it to the ſight.
Love is that fire, which ſtill ſome ſigns affords;
If hid, they're ſighs; if open, they are words.

CCXXXVII.

THE body which within this earth is laid,
Twice ſix weeks knew a wife, a ſaint, a maid,
Fair maid, chaſte wife, pure ſaint; yet 'tis not ſtrange,
She was a woman, therefore pleas'd to change;
And now ſhe's dead, ſome woman doth remain,
For ſtill ſhe hopes once to be chang'd again.

CCXXXVIII.

WOULD thou hadſt beauty leſs, or virtue more;
For nothing's uglier, than a pretty whore.

CCXXXIX.

CCXXXIX.

MY love and I for kiſſes plaid,
She would keep ſtakes; I was content:
But when I won, ſhe would be paid;
I, angry, ask'd her, what ſhe meant?
Nay, ſince, quoth ſhe, you wrangle thus in vain,
Give me my kiſſes back; take your's again.

CCXL.

The real Affliction.

DORIS, a widow, paſt her prime,
Her ſpouſe long dead, her wailings doubles;
Her real griefs increaſe by time,
And what abates, improves her troubles.

Thoſe pangs, her prudent hopes ſuppreſt,
Impatient now, ſhe cannot ſmother:
How ſhould the helpleſs woman reſt?
One's gone; —— nor can ſhe get another.

CCXLI.

The true Reason.

SELINDA ne'er appears till night:
And what won't female envy say?
But well she knows, she shines so bright,
Her presence may supply the day.

CCXLII.

JULIA, young, wanton, flung the gather'd snow,
Nor fear'd I burning from the watry blow:
'Tis cold I cry'd; but, ah! too soon I found,
Sent by that hand, it dealt a scorching wound.
Resistless fair! we fly thy pow'r in vain,
Who turn'st to fiery darts the frozen rain.
Burn, *Julia*, burn like me, and that desire,
With water which thou kindlest, quench with fire.

CCXLIII.

A Case to the CIVILIANS.

NOKES went, he thought, to *Stiles*'s wife to bed,
Nor knew his own was laid there in her stead;
Civilian, is the child he then begot
To be allow'd legitimate, or not?

CCXLIV.

A THRACIAN *Custom.*

THE *Thracian* infant, entring into life,
Both parents mourn for, both receive with grief.
The *Thracian* infant snatch'd by death away,
Both parents to the grave with joy convey.
This, *Greece* and *Rome*, you with derision view;
This is mere *Thracian* ignorance to you:
But if you weigh the custom you despise,
This *Thracian* ignorance may teach the wise.

CCXLV.

WHEN *Pontius* wiſh'd an edict might be paſs'd,
That cuckolds ſhould into the ſea be caſt;
His wife aſſenting, thus reply'd to him,
But firſt, my dear, I'd have you learn to ſwim.

CCXLVI.

In Imitation of MARTIAL, *L.* 1. *Ep.* 67.

B——, tho' with ſcraps of others wit,
You hope a borrow'd fame to get;
Believe me, 'tis an idle thought:
For ſilence can't, like books, be bought.

CCXLVII.

A Lawyer's Reputation.

HOW comes it that *Quibus* ſhould paſs for a wit?
He ſold what he ſpoke, and he bought what he writ.

CCXLVIII.

On the Marriage of Ed. Herbert, *Esq*; *and Mrs.* Elizabeth Herbert.

CUPID one day ask'd his mother,
When ſhe meant he ſhould be wed?
You're too young, my boy, ſhe ſaid;
Nor has nature made another,
Fit to match with *Cupid*'s bed.

Cupid then her ſight directed,
To a lately wedded pair;
Where himſelf the match effected;
They as youthful, they as fair.

Having, by example, carry'd
This firſt point in the diſpute;
Worſeley, next, he ſaid's not marry'd:
Her's with *Cupid*'s charms may ſuit.

CCLIII.

VENUS *jealous.*

VENUS call'd *Cupid* t'other day;
(Her rage she could no longer smother)
With *Cloe* always must you stay?
Where is your duty to your mother?

On her incessant you attend:
Is not this, sirrah, very fine?
And now to her all hearts must bend;
Nor pay one vow at *Venus'* shrine.

Vain fears, mamma, the urchin cry'd!
You still shall reign o'er gods, and *Jove*:
Cloe to limits strict is ty'd;
She rules below; but you above.

CCLIV.

On MAIDS.

MOST maids resemble *Eve*, now in their lives,
Who are no sooner women, but are wives.

CCLV.

CCLV.

To a bad Fiddler. *

OLD *Orpheus* play'd so well, he mov'd *Old Nick*,
While thou mov'st nothing, but thy fiddlestick.

CCLVI.

Imitated from BUCHANAN.

I Know not whither in *Narcissus'* glass,
Matchless *Corinna*, you e'er saw your face;
But this I know — with beauties all your own,
Matchless *Corinna* is enamour'd grown.
The youth some reason for his frenzy had;
What made him so, made many others mad.
Your cause is less, therefore your madness more;
Without a rival, you yourself adore.

* This is a kind of counterpart to N°. XXVIII, and ought to be read with it.

CCLVII.

APOLLO *and* DAPHNE.

WHEN *Phœbus* ſaw a rugged bark beguile
His love, and his embraces intercept,
The leaves, inſtructed by his griefs to ſmile,
Taking freſh growth and verdure as he wept:
How can, ſaith he, my woes expect releaſe,
When tears, the ſubject of my tears increaſe!

His chang'd, yet ſcorn-retaining fair he kiſt,
From the lov'd trunk, plucking a little bough;
And tho' the conqueſt which he ſought, he miſt,
With that triumphant ſpoil adorns his brow.
Thus this diſdainful maid his aim deceives,
Where he expected fruit he gathers leaves.

CCLVIII.

Imitated from BUCHANAN.

THE man * that believ'd a rich handſome young widow
iv'd for twenty fair years, and yet no harm did do,
Mong ſo many ſtrapping, ſtout, broad-ſhoulder'd fellows,
Vanted—more than his eyes; tho' writers won't tell us.

CCLIX.

An old Man and a young Wench.

AN old ſtale widower loving a young wenth,
Told her, nought but herſelf his love could quench:
ood ſir, quoth ſhe, your luſtful ſuit withdraw,
ou ſhall not thatch my new houſe with old ſtraw.

* HOMER.

CCLX.

CCLX.

To a Lady who wore Patches.

I Know your heart cannot so guilty be,
That you should wear those spots for vanity;
Or, as your beauty's trophies, put on one.
For every murder which your eyes have done:
No, they're your mourning weeds for hearts forlorn,
Which, tho' you must not love, you cou'd not scorn;
To whom, since cruel honour does deny
Those joys could only cure their misery:
Yet you this noble way to grace 'em, found,
Whilst thus your grief their martyrdom has crown'd:
Of which take heed you prove not prodigal;
For if to every common funeral,
By your eyes martyr'd, such grace were allow'd,
Your face would wear not patches, but a cloud.

CCLXI.

A — they say has wit, for what?
For writing? — No; for writing not.

CCLXII.

AULUS *and* CALENUS: *Imitated from* BUCHANAN.

I Gave *Calenus* once a civil dun,
He, courtier-like, cry'd—Pr'ythee get thee gone.
The ſum was—Oh, five thouſand ſeſterces;
Thus croſs'd, I went to *Aulus* for advice:
He bade me proſecute; and ſwore it was
Nothing more juſt:—ſo undertook the cauſe.
When ſome five years he'd had th' affair in hand,
For fourſcore pounds he makes a ſmall demand.
Leſt the remainder of my cauſe ſhould waſte
Th' unequal ſtock both of my days and cheſt;
What ſhould I do?—I found, without a pauſe,
I left my lawyer, and I dropp'd my cauſe.
Sure to be deaf whene'er *Calenus* ties
His honour, or when *Aulus* ſhall adviſe.
D'ye ask which moſt I'd ſhun?—my ſtory tells,
CALENUS *gives* me words, but AULUS *ſells*.

CCLXIII.

On the Expulsion of a Member of the House of Commons, for an Attempt to bribe a Member of the Secret Committee.

To raise a lady's expectations high,
With hopes of some approaching bliss that's [nigh;
To tempt her to her chamber; shut the door;
Then make acknowledgments; and do no more:
Has she not reason loudly to complain
Of—the corrupt intention of the swain?

CCLXIV.

CORNUTUS call'd his wife both whore and slut;
Quoth she, You'll never leave your brawling, *but* ——
But what, quoth he? quoth she, Your post or door,
For you have horns to *but*, if I'm a whore.

CCLXV.

CCLXV.

On CHEV'RILL *the Lawyer.*

NO cause, nor client fat will *Chev'rill* leese,
But, as they come, on both sides he takes fees,
nd pleaseth both: for while he melts his grease
or This, That wins, for whom he holds his peace.

CCLXVI.

On the same.

HEV'RILL cries out, my verses libels are,
And threatens the *Star-Chamber* and the bar:
hat are thy pet'lant pleadings, *Chev'rill*, then,
hat quit'st the cause, and railest at the men?

CCLXVII.

R'YTHEE is not miss *Cloe's* a comical case?
She lends out her tail, and she borrows her face.

CCLXVIII.

Upon one stealing a Pound of Candles.

LIGHT-FINGER'D *Catch*, to keep his hands in ure,
Stole any thing; of this you may be sure,
That he thinks all his own which once he handles,
For practice sake, did steal a pound of candles;
Was taken in the act: oh, foolish wight!
To steal such things as needs must come to *light*,

CCLXIX.

On a WELSHMAN.

A Man of *Wales*, betwixt St. *David's* day and *Easter*,
Ran in his hostess' score, for cheese great store, a tester:
His hostess chalks it up behind the door,
And says, For cheese, come sir, discharge this score:
Cot zounds, quoth he, what meaneth these?
D'ye think hur know not chalk from cheese?

CCLXX.

On a Tree cut in Paper.

R hand, that can on virgin-paper write,
'et from the ſtain of ink preſerve it white,
ſe travel o'er that ſilver field does ſhow,
track of leverets in morning ſnow;
's image thus in pureſt minds is wrought,
iout a ſpot or blemiſh to the thought;
ige that your fingers ſhould the pencil foil,
iout the help of colours, or of oil:
ho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
you alone can make them bend and ſhake,
ſe breath ſalutes your new-created grove,
ſouthern winds, and makes it gently move.
ius could make the foreſt dance, but you
make the motion and the foreſt too.

CCLXXI.

'HILST from the tears young widows ſhed,
Their pious grief you ſcan,
w, 'tis not for the husband dead
hey weep; but for the man.

CCLXXII.

On His MAJESTY'*s Birth-Day. Which happen'd the Day after the* RESTORATION.

DIANA, watchful o'er young *Ammon*'s fate,
Helper divine, does on *Olympia* wait;
Anxious from ſtately *Epheſus* retires,
Leaves the fam'd temple to devouring fires;
Concern'd to introduce ſo great a name,
Suffers her dome to periſh in a flame.
So whilſt our bleſſing yet lay unreveal'd,
A happy burden in the womb conceal'd,
Sophia was the charge of ev'ry ſtar;
No leſs employ was *Providence*'s care:
Britannia lab'ring, with convulſions torn,
Charles could not be reſtor'd, till *George* was born.

CCLXXIII.

E loves only me, she vows;
And yet will have another:
; resolv'd to hate her spouse,
jilt her dearest lover.

ypocrites the church frequent,
out of pure devotion;
be counted each a saint,
gain himself promotion.

CCLXXIV.

For Love.

[bear;
ove—to live—just the same meaning
r he that loves not, has of life no share:
ore a consort heaven ordain'd for man,
ng all blessings had been else in vain.

CCLXXV.

CCLXXV.

Against Love.

To love — to perish — the same meaning have,
Had man ne'er lov'd, he ne'er had been a slave:
When heaven forbad the tree of knowledge first,
Not forming woman, man had ne'er been curst.

CCLXXVI.

Ye sons of *Mars*, your courage boast no more,
Since we that feel *Belinda*'s fatal power
More danger know than you—What, tho' you've been
Where cannons roar, and horror swells the scene,
With flying squadrons quit the dusty plain,
Retreat from death, to live and fight again.
In war, but one may of a hundred die,
In love we know not what it is to fly:
For only one can happy be, and live,
Of thousands, who *Belinda*'s darts receive.

CCLXXVII.

On the Promotion of Dr. T——*to the See of* CA———RY.

WHEN *Nebat*'s fam'd ſon undertook the old cauſe
Of delivering ten tribes from ſlavery to laws,
Leſt the job ſhould be ſpoil'd, or done but by halves,
He took his prieſts from the mob, and his god from the calves:
But our hero, more wiſe, the deliverers out-vied all,
Made a calf the high prieſt, and himſelf the calf's idol.

CCLXXVIII.

On OWEN SWAN'*s Tobacco-Papers.*

THE aged *Swan*, oppreſs'd by time and cares,
With *Indian* ſweets his funeral prepares;
Light up the pile, thus he'll perfume the skies,
And, phœnix-like, from his own aſhes riſe.

CCLXXIX.

Imitated from BUCHANAN. *

PHYLLIS, my thoughts you often pray,
About your face's wearing,
Yet never credit what I say,
Until you hear me swearing.

Then may I want a place to dwell in,
And a kind buxom she,
If I think *Leda*, nay or *Helen*,
Can be compar'd with thee.

For heroes did these damsels woe,
Yet sigh'd in sober sadness:
Whoever falls in love with you,
Runs headlong into madness.

* This epigram is imitated also by another hand, see N°. CCXIX: the original is too long to be given here, but in some measure to enable our readers to judge of these two performances, the last line, which contains the sting, is,

Sed, si quisquis amat te, Leonora, *furit.*

CCLXXX.

On Flowers embroider'd by a young Lady.

THIS charming bed of flowers, when *Flora* spy'd,
By *Flavia*'s needle wrought; enrag'd, she cry'd,
Still to be vanquish'd by her, is my doom,
Mine early fade, but her's shall ever bloom;
Bloom like her face, that stings me to the heart;
Surpass'd in beauty, as excell'd in art.

CCLXXXI.

CAN forms, like yours, want ornaments of dress?
Beauty, like truth, shines most in *nakedness*.
Dressing may skreen deformities from view;
But e'en adornment does but *shadow you*.
Most but by what they wear, are lovely made:
You, madam, lose, whene'er you seek such aid.
While some but hide defects, and dress to *arm*;
You *put off* nothing, but what veil'd a charm.

CCLXXXII.

DID *Celia*'s person and her mind agree,
What mortal could behold her, and be free?
But nature has, in pity to mankind,
Enrich'd the image, and defac'd the mind.

CCLXXXIII.

To the Right Honourable ARTHUR, *Earl of* ANGLESEY.

IF the old *Samian** doctrine of spirits be true,
Then *Cicero*'s soul does penance in you;
For *Jove*, when he saw him so fond of applause,
Which sway'd him much more than the client or cause,
Determin'd *his* soul to *your* body to doom,
Great as when first he astonish'd old *Rome*;
With all his own virtues, a *second time* bless'd,
And fortitude added to crown all the rest:
But to check the vain-glory that reign'd in his *spirit*,
He gave *you* an *ear* that can't bear your own *merit*.

* PYTHAGORAS, who first taught the transmigration of *Souls*, was of SAMOS.

CCLXXXIV.

On hearing an ugly Woman sing.

NOw shame pursue my meddling sight;
Would I had been all ear to night!
Sweet is her voice as flowers in *June*,
But ne'er was face so out of tune:
Lower than *gamut* are her eyes,
Her nose does above *ela* rise!
Were I to chuse myself a dear,
Not by my eye, but by my ear,
Here I would fix ——— could I but woe
The sound, without the substance too.
Some women are all tongue — and oh!
What joy 'twould be, were this but so!
Harmonious gods! to ease my mind,
Or strike her dumb, or make me blind.

CCLXXXV.

HERE lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket;
But dead as a door nail; God be thanked.

CCLXXXVI.

On a Welshman.

A *Welſhman* coming late into an inn,
Ask'd the maid what meat there was within?
Cow-heels, ſhe anſwer'd, and a breaſt of mutton;
But, quoth the *Welſhman*, ſince I am no glutton,
Either of both ſhall ſerve; to night the breaſt,
The heels i'the morning, then light meat is beſt:
At night he took the breaſt, and did not pay,
I'the morning took his *heels*, and ran away.

CCLXXXVII.

On Faustus.

FAUSTUS ſtabb'd *Flora*, and would you know [why,
He being a ſoldier, ſhe gave him the lye;
Nay, yet the deſperate wench would not refrain
To give him the lye, till he ſtabb'd her again.

CCLXXXVIII.

M——*l*, a poet! why thou'rt merry;
But, pry'thee, where's thy judgment, *Jerry*?
What he, with his damn'd fustian strains?
Believe me, if to the muses he
Belongs, their pack-horse he must be,
To bear what *Pegasus* disdains.

CCLXXXIX.

On a Civilian.

A Lusty, old, grave, grey-headed sire,
Stole to a wench to quench his lust's desire:
She ask'd him, what profession he might be?
I am a civil-lawyer, girl, quoth he:
A civil-lawyer, sir? you make me muse,
Your talk's too broad for civil men to use:
If civil-lawyers are such bawdy men,
Oh what, quoth she, are other lawyers then?

CCXC.

On a Lady who wrote in Praiſe of MIRA.

WHILE ſhe pretends to make the graces known
Of matchleſs *Mira*, ſhe reveals her own;
And when ſhe would another's praiſe indite,
Is by her glaſs inſtructed how to write.

CCXCI.

On CORACINE.

WHAT *Criſpulus* is that, in a new gown,
All trim'd with loops, and buttons up and down?
That leans there on his arm, in private chat
With thy young wife? what *Criſpulus* is that?
He's proctor of a court, thou ſay'ſt, and does
Some buſineſs of thy wife's: thou brainleſs gooſe,
He does no buſineſs of thy wife's, not he,
He does thy buſineſs, *Coracine*, for thee.

CCXCII.

To one married to an old Man.

SINCE thou wou'dſt needs, bewitch'd with ſome ill charms,
Be bury'd in thoſe monumental arms;
All we can wiſh, is, May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs; and ſo good night.

CCXCIII.

To PLAY-WRIGHT.

PLAY-WRIGHT me reads, and ſtill my verſes damns,
He ſays, I want the tongue of epigrams:
I have no ſalt; no bawdy he doth mean:
For witty, in his language, is obſcene.
Play-wright, I loath to have thy manners known
In my chaſte book; profeſs them in thine own.

CCXCIV.

Feminæ ludificantur viros.

KIND *Katherine* kiſt her husband with theſe words,
Mine own ſweet *Will*, how dearly I love thee!
If true, quoth *Will*. the world no ſuch affords;
And that 'tis true, I durſt his warrant be.
For ne'er heard I of woman, good or ill,
But always loved beſt her own ſweet *Will*.

CCXCV.

Tunc tua res agitur.

A Jealous merchant that a ſailor met,
Ask'd him the reaſon, why he meant to marry?
Knowing what ill their abſence might beget,
That ſtill at ſea conſtrained are to tarry:
Sir, quoth the ſailor, think you that ſo ſtrange?
'Tis done the time while you but walk the 'change.

CCXCVI.

On the Death of MARY, *Countess of* PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, *Pembroke*'s mother;
Death, e'er thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learned, good, as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

CCXCVII.

On WOMEN.

WOMEN are books, and men the readers be,
In whom oft times they great errata's see;
Here sometimes we a blot, there we espy
A leaf misplac'd, at least a line awry:
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An almanack, to change her every year.

CCXCVIII.

In uxorem optatam.*

A Batchelor would have a wife that's wiſe,
Fair, rich, and young, a maiden, for his bed,
Nor proud, nor churliſh, but of faultleſs ſize,
A country houſewife, in the city bred.
But he's a fool, and long in vain hath ſtaid;
He ſhould beſpeak her; there's none ready made.

CCXCIX.

MARTIAL, Lib. 1, Epig. 69.

LET *Rufus* weep, rejoice, ſtand, ſit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask queſtions, or diſpute,
Still he muſt ſpeak of *Nævia*, or be mute.
He writ to's father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely *Nævia*, ever thine.

CCC.

Epitaph on Cardinal RICHLIEU.

STAY, traveller—for all you want is near:
Wisdom and pow'r I seek—They both lie here.
Nay, but I look for more, and raise my aim,
To wit, taste, learning, elegance, and fame —
Here ends your journey then; for there the store
Of *Richlieu* lies — Alas! repeat no more:
Shame on my pride! what hope is left for me,
When here death treads on all that man can be?

CCCI.

In stolidum.

A Justice walking o'er the frozen *Thames*,
The ice about him round began to crack,
He said to's man, Here is some danger, *James*,
I pr'ythee help me over on thy back.

CCCII.

To his QUILL.

THOU haſt been wanton; therefore it is meet
Thou ſhould'ſt do penance: do it in a ſheet.

CCCIII.

The Cure of LOVE.

WHEN, *Cloe*, I confeſs my pain,
In gentle words you pity ſhow;
But gentle words are all in vain,
Such gales my flame but higher blow.

Ah, *Cloe*, would you cure the ſmart
Your conq'ring eyes have keenly made,
Yourſelf, upon my bleeding heart,
Yourſelf, fair *Cloe*, muſt be laid.

Thus for the viper's ſting we know
No ſurer remedy is found,
Than to apply the tort'ring foe,
And ſqueeze his venom on the wound.

CCCIV.

Written by a Gentleman looking at himself in a Glass.

When I revolve this evanescent state,
How fleeting is its form, how short its date;
My being and my stay dependant still,
Not on my own, but on another's will;
I ask myself, as I my image view,
Which is the real shadow of the two?

CCCV. *

If death must come as oft as breath departs,
Then he must often die who often farts;
And if to die, be but to lose one's breath,
Then death's a fart; and so a fart for death.

* We think the coarseness and indelicacy of this epigram abundantly atton'd for, by its poinancy of thought, and pleasantness of conceit, which justly entitle it to a place in this Collection.

CCCVI.

On the SPECTATOR.

WHEN first the *Tatler* to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd:
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the *Spectator* rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd till circling day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor, or the same:
So we; but now from this suspense are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

CCCVII.

Anger soon appeased.

WHEN *John Cornutus* doth his wife reprove,
For being false and faithless in her love;
His wife, to smooth those wrinkles on his brow,
Doth stop his mouth, with, *John, come kiss me now.*

CCCVIII.

pitaph on Mr. HARCOURT'*s Tomb*: *Written by Mr.* POPE.

O this ſad ſhrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the *friend* moſt wept, the *ſon* moſt dear,
/ho ne'er knew *joy* but friendſhip might divide,
or gave his father *grief*—but when he died.
ow vain is reaſon! eloquence how weak!
/hen *Pope* muſt tell, what *Harcourt* cannot ſpeak.
et let thy once lov'd friend inſcribe the ſtone,
nd with a father's ſorrows, mix his own.
h no! 'tis vain to ſtrive — it will not be;
o grief that can be told, is felt for *thee*.

CCCIX.

n a Riding Houſe turn'd into a Chapel.

Chapel of the riding-houſe is made,
Thus we once more ſee Chriſt in manger laid,
here ſtill we find the jockey-trade ſupply'd,
he laymen bridled, and the clergy ride.

CCCX.

Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.

STAY, batchelor! if you have wit,
A wonder to behold;
Husband and wife, in one dark pit,
Lie ſtill, and never ſcold.

Tread ſoftly tho', for fear ſhe wakes——
Hark, ſhe begins already:
You've hurt my head—my ſhoulder akes—
Theſe ſots can ne'er move ſteady.

Ah friend, with happy freedom bleſt,
See how my hope's miſcarry'd;
Not death itſelf can give you reſt,
Unleſs you die unmarried.

CCCXI.

A lame Beggar.

I AM unable, yonder beggar cries,
To ſtand or move; if he ſays true, he *lies.*

CCCXII.

ITH the ſpouſe of *Noll Bluff*, to *that ſame* a well-willer,
ıeighb'ring ploughman had oft been familiar :
husband this learning, flies ſwift to the field,
l, ſword in hand, enters where then the clown till'd ;
l ſwagg'ring, out bellows, while yet at a diſtance,
.o, friend—did you lend my rib your aſſiſtance,
ſurniſh my forehead ? here *Hodge*, for the nonce,
the plough, and ſoon pick'd up a skirtful of ſtones——
n, on the defenſive—Your wife I have rid—
, it's well you confeſs'd it; very well that you did ;
v'n knows what revenge I deſign'd to have taken,
this ample confeſſion has quite ſav'd your bacon.

CCCXIII.

The Antiquary.

IF in his ſtudy he hath ſo much care
To hang all old ſtrange things, let's wife beware.

CCCXIV.

Diſinherited.

THY father all from thee, by his laſt will,
Gave to the poor; thou haſt good title ſtill.

CCCXV.

WHENCE comes it that in *Clara*'s face,
The lilly only has a place?
Is it, that the abſent roſe
Is gone to paint her husband's noſe?

CCCXVI.

OLIVIA's gay, but looks devout,
And ſcripture proofs ſhe throws about,
When firſt you try to win her;
But pull your fob of guineas out,
See *Jenny* firſt, and never doubt
To make the ſaint a ſinner.

Baxter by day is her delight;
No chocolate muſt come in ſight,
Before two morning chapters:
But, leſt the ſpleen ſhould ſpoil her quite,
She takes a civil friend at night,
To raiſe her holy raptures.

So have I ſeen a glow-worm gay,
All night her fiery tail diſplay,
Encourag'd by the dark;
And yet the ſullen thing all day,
Snug in the lonely thicket lay,
And hid the native ſpark.

CCCXVII.

Verses pinn'd to a Sheet in which a Lady stood to do Penance in the Church.

HERE ſtand I, for whores as great
To caſt a ſcornful eye on;
Should each whore here be doom'd a ſheet,
You'd ſoon want one to lie on.

CCCXVIII.

SAYS ſir *John* to my lady, as together they ſat,
My dear, ſhall we ſup firſt, or do you know what?
With an innocent ſmile, replied the good Lady,
Sir *John*, what you pleaſe—but ſupper's not ready.

CCCXIX.

On a great Houſe adorn'd with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the ſervants thin,
The gods without, the devil within.

CCCXX. *

FAIR *Urſly*, in a merry mood,
Conſulted her phyſician,
What time was beſt to ſtir the blood
And ſpirits, by coition.

Quoth *Woodward*, If my judgment's right,
And anſwer worth returning,
You'll find it pleaſanteſt o'er night,
Moſt wholeſome in the morning.

Quoth *Urſly*, Then, for pleaſure's ſake
Each ev'ning will I take it;
And ev'ry morning, when I wake,
My conſtant phyſick make it,

* This is a verſion of a LATIN epigram written by ANNIBAL CRUCEUS; the reader will find an imitation of it, N°. CCXXVI.

CCCXXI.

The Contest.

SOME say, that signior *Bononcini*,
Compar'd to *Handel*,'s a mere ninny:
Others aver, that to him *Handel*
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such high disputes should be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

CCCXXII. *

THE same allegiance to two kings he pays,
Swears the same faith to both, and both betrays.
No wonder if to swear he's always free,
Who has † two gods to swear by, more than we.

* This was occasion'd by a famous divine's taking the oaths to King WILLIAM.

† He had been concern'd in a controversy about the Trinity, which he maintain'd to such a desperate degree, that people call'd him a believer of three distinct gods.

CCCXXIII.

On the Earl of MACCLESFIELD.

WHEN the ſeals were deliver'd to *Macclesfield*'s charge,
Each god for approving, gave reaſons at large:
But *Apollo* excepted, and ſaid, So much wit,
With ſuch eloquence join'd, for that charge was unfit;
Leſt the injur'd, who at his tribunal appear'd,
And put in their complaints, with intent to be heard,
Should feed on the honey that dropp'd from his tongue,
And, charm'd by his ſpeaking, forget their own wrong.
Minerva too added —— 'His prudence is ſuch,
'As not to indulge his own judgment too much;
'And whoe'er he conſults, I clearly foreſee,
'Muſt be ſome who know leſs of the matter than he:
'Old authors, for inſtance—thus men ſhall bemoan,
'That he ſuch opinions prefers to his own.'
Jove heard, and thus calmly deliver'd his thoughts,
'No man is more guilty of theſe, and ſuch faults;
'Yet ſtill I've one reaſon for which he is given,
'To ſhew men how juſtice is practis'd in heav'n.'

CCCXXIV.

A Lover's Anger.

As *Cloe* came into the room t'other day,
I, peevish, began, Where so long could you stay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two, and pray look, child, 'tis four:
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels,
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals:
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear——
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
Lord bless me, cry'd she, let a-body but speak;
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fell into my neck,
It has hurt me, and vext me to such a degree,
But I know you wou'd never believe one, pray see,
On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made:
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd;
That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd,
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

CCCXXV.

On MIRANDA *and her Writings.*

EACH ſoft'ning charm of *Clio*'s ſmiling ſong;
Montague's ſoul, which ſhines divinely ſtrong;
Theſe blend with graceful eaſe, to form thy rhime,
Tender, yet chaſte; ſweet-ſounding, yet ſublime:
Wiſdom and wit have made thy works their care;
Each paſſion glows, refin'd by precept there;
To fair *Miranda*'s form each grace is kind;
The muſes and the virtues tune thy mind.

CCCXXVI.

A Lady wrote upon a Window ſome Verſes, intimating her Deſign of never marrying; a Gentleman wrote theſe Lines underneath.

THE lady, who this reſolution took,
Wrote it on glaſs; to ſhew it ſhould be broke.

CCCXXVII.

A Dunce's Speech at School.

THE more I ſtrive to learn, the leſs I know,
Thus, like a lobſter, do I backward go;
In vain you teach what I can't comprehend,
Either your method, or my judgment mend.

CCCXXVIII.

WHEN I had purchas'd a freſh whore, or coat,
For which I knew not how to pay,
Sextus, that wretched covetous old ſot,
My ancient friend, as he will ſay:

Leſt I ſhould borrow of him, took great care,
And mutter'd to himſelf, aloud,
So as he knew I could not chuſe but hear,
How much he to *Secundus* ow'd:

And twice as much he paid for intereſt,
Nor had one farthing in his truſty cheſt.
If I had ask'd, I knew he would not lend;
'Tis new, before-hand to deny a friend.

CCCXXIX.

THAT thou doſt caſſia breathe, and foreign gums,
Enough to put thy miſtreſs into fits;
Tho' *Rome* thy hair, and *Spain* thy gloves perfumes,
Few like, but all ſuſpect thoſe borrow'd ſweets.
The gifts of various nature come and go,
He that ſmells always well, does never ſo.

CCCXXX.

To an angry Rival.

'TIS not the fear of death or ſmart,
Makes me averſe to fight;
But to preſerve a tender heart,
Not mine, but *Celia*'s right.

Then let your fury be ſuppreſt,
Not me, but *Celia* ſpare;
Your ſword is welcome to my breaſt,
When *Celia* is not there.

CCCXXXI.

IF thou doſt want a horſe, thou buy'ſt a ſcore;
Or if a piece of wine, thou'lt have a tun;
Swords-belts or hats, does any cheat bring o'er,
At his own rate, thou wilt have all or none.
Whilſt out of wantonneſs thou buy'ſt ſo faſt,
Out of mere want thou wilt ſell all at laſt.

CCCXXXII.

PHRYNE, as odious as youth well can be,
The daughter of a courtier in high place,
Met with a blund'ring ſot that could not ſee;
His blindneſs ſhe, and that excus'd her face.

Were ſhe not ugly, ſhe would him deſpiſe;
Nor would he marry her, if he had eyes:
To their defects they're for the match in debt,
And, but for faults on both ſides, ne'er had met.

CCCXXXIII.

On the Tragedy of CÆSAR *in* ÆGYPT.

JULIUS, whatever realm enjoys thy ghost,
Elysium or the sphere, forbear to boast
Thy loves and trophies on the *Pharian* coast.

Thy fame is rack'd on *Fortune*'s various wheel,
And forc'd a more inglorious wound to feel
From *C—ber*'s pen, than thou from *Casca*'s steel.

Why, blind to destiny, will man presume,
With politick defence, t'evade his doom,
And change a present ill for worse to come?

Ill fated thou! on *Pharmacusa*'s strand,
To bribe for life a buccaneering band,
Yet perish by one poor wit-pirate's hand.

CCCXXXIV.

On the Sixth Night of the ſame.

WHEN the pack'd audience from their poſt retir'd,
And *Julius*, in a gen'ral hiſs, expir'd,
Sage *Booth* to *C—ber* cry'd, Compute our gains,
Theſe dogs of *Ægypt*, and their dowdy queans
But ill requite theſe habits and theſe ſcenes.
To rob *Corneille* for ſuch a mottley piece;
His geeſe were ſwans—but, zoons, thy ſwans are geeſe—
Rubbing his firm invulnerable brow,
The bard reply'd, The criticks muſt allow,
'Twas ne'er in *Cæſar*'s deſtiny to Run.
Wilks bow'd, and bleſt the gay pacifick pun.

CCCXXXV.

WHEN *Arria* to her *Pætus* gave the ſteel,
Which from her bleeding ſide did newly part;
From my own ſtroke, ſaid ſhe, no pain I feel,
But, ah! thy wound will ſtab me to the heart.

CCCXXXVI.

IF, *Scæva*, for more friends you care,
Which thy great merit cannot want,
For me an humble place prepare;
That I am new make no complaint.

Your dearest friends were strangers once, like me;
Like them, in time, I an old friend may be,
If you no want of friendly virtues see.

CCCXXXVII.

The Maidenhead.

CLORIS, the prettiest girl about the town,
Ask'd fifty guineas for her maidenhead;
I laugh'd; but *Cascus* paid the money down,
And the young wench did to his chamber lead.

This thrift my eager *Catso* did upbraid,
And wish'd that he had grown 'twixt *Cascus'* thighs;
Get me but half what his got him, I said,
And, to content thee, I'll ne'er stick at price.

CCCXXXVIII.

CCCXXXVIII.

To a Lady of Pleasure.

My heart is proud your chains to wear,
But reason will not stoop;
I love that angel's face, but fear
The serpent in your hoop.

That circle is a magick spell,
To make the wisest fall,
Its centre black and deep, like hell,
Contains the devil and all.

Your eyes discharge the darts of love;
But oh what pains succeed!
When darts shall pins and needles prove,
And love a fire indeed.

CCCXXXIX.

That thy wife coughs all night, and spits all day,
Already thou believ'st thy fortune made;
Her whole estate thou think'st thy sudden prey:
She will not die, but wheedles like a jade.

CCCXL.

WHAT buſineſs, or what hope brings thee to [town,
Who can'ſt not pimp, nor cheat, nor ſwear, nor lie?
This place will nouriſh no ſuch idle drone:
Hence; in remoter parts thy fortune try.

But thou haſt courage, honeſty, and wit,
And one, or all theſe three will give thee bread:
The malice of this town thou know'ſt not yet;
Wit is a good diverſion, but baſe trade.

Cowards will, for thy courage, call thee bully,
Till all, like *Thraſo*'s, thy acquaintance ſhun:
Rogues call thee, for thy honeſty, a cully;
Yet this is all thou haſt to live upon.

Friend, three ſuch virtues *Audley* had undone;
Be wiſe, and, e'er thou'rt in a jail, be gone:
Of all that ſtarving crew thou ſaw'ſt to day,
None but has kill'd his man, or writ his play.

CCCXLI.

ONE month a lawyer, thou the next wilt be
A grave physician, and the third, a priest:
Chuse quickly, one profession of the three:
Marry'd to her, thou yet may'st court the rest.

Whilst thou stand'st doubting, *Bradbury* has got
Five thousand pounds; and *Conquest* as much more.
W— is made a bishop, from a drunken sot:
Leap in, and stand not shiv'ring on the shore.

On any one amiss thou can'st not fall;
Thou'lt end in nothing, if thou grasp'st at all.

CCCXLII.

WHILST thou sit'st drinking up thy loyalty,
And rail'st at laws, thou dost not understand;
Ador'st the ministers, who know not thee;
Sell'st thy long freedom for a short command;
The power thou aim'st at, if o'er thee one have,
In a rich coat thou'rt but a canting slave.

CCCXLIII.

THOU quibbleſt well, haſt craft and induſtry,
Flatter'ſt great men, laugh'ſt at their enemies,
Rally'ſt the abſent, art a pretty ſpy,
Yet for all this in court thou doſt not riſe.

Thou play'ſt thy court-game booty, I'm afraid,
Thou'ſt promis'd marriage, when thy fortune's made,
And ſo thou dar'ſt not thrive upon thy trade.

CCCXLIV.

A Nymph and a ſwain to *Apollo* once pray'd;
The ſwain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd:
They came for to try if his oracle knew
E'er a nymph that was chaſte, or a ſwain that was true.
Apollo ſtood mute, and had like t'have been pos'd;
At length he thus ſagely the queſtion diſclos'd:
He alone may be true, in whom none will confide;
And the nymph may be chaſte, that has never been try'd.

CCCXLV.

WHEN to thy husband thou didſt firſt refuſe
The lawful pleaſures of thy charming bed,
Men did his pipe, and pot, and whores accuſe;
On his mere lewdneſs all the fault was laid.

Into thy houſe thou took'ſt a deep divine,
And all thy neighbours flock'd to hear him preach,
The cheated world did in thy praiſes join;
The wiſer ſort yet knew thy wanton reach.

From *ſunday*'s crowds thou didſt thy gallant chuſe;
And when they fail'd thee, the good doctor uſe.

CCCXLVI.

MARTIAL, *Lib.* 8. *Epig.* 19.

CINNA cries out, I am not worth a groat;
And is, plague on him, what he would be thought.

CCCXLVII.

[yet
ſORM not, brave friend, that thou hadſt never
Miſtreſs nor wife, that others did not ſ— e;
t, like a chriſtian, pardon and forget,
For thy own pox will thy revenge contrive.

CCCXLVIII.

The Lady's Reſolve.

VHILST thirſt of praiſe, and vain deſire of fame,
In every age is every woman's aim;
ith courtſhip pleas'd; of ſilly toaſters proud;
nd of a train, and happy in a crowd;
ı each poor fool beſtowing ſome kind glance,
ch conqueſt owing to ſome looſe advance;
hilſt vain coquettes affect to be purſu'd,
ıd think they're virtuous, if not groſsly lewd;
t this great maxim be my virtue's guide,
part ſhe is to blame, who has been try'd,
: comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

CCCXLIX.

*The Gentleman's Answer.**

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame,
In ev'ry state, and ev'ry age the same,
With their own folly pleas'd, the fair they toast,
And where they least are happy, swear they're most;
No diff'rence making 'twixt coquet and prude,
And she that seems, yet is not really lewd;
Whilst thus they think, and thus they vainly live,
And taste no joys, but what their fancies give,
Let this great maxim be my actions guide,
May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er deny'd,
Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.

CCCL.

THOU'LT fight if any man call *Phœbe* whore;
That she is thine, what can proclaim it more?

* We can't help thinking that this has the common fate of all answers, to be inferior to the original; but we think as the first is good, that every thing which has a relation to it ought to appear in publick.

CCCLI.

On a dumb Boy, very beautiful, and of great Quickness of Parts: Written by a Lady.

I Sing the boy who, gagg'd and bound,
Has been, by nature, robb'd of ſound;
Yet has ſhe found a gen'rous way,
One loſs by many gifts to pay.
His voice indeed ſhe cloſe confin'd,
But bleſt him with a ſpeaking mind;
And ev'ry muſcle of his face,
Diſcourſes with peculiar grace;
The ladies tattling o'er their tea,
Might learn to charm, by copying thee:
If ſilence thus can man become,
All women-beauties ſhould be dumb.
Then, happy boy, no more complain,
Nor think thy loſs of ſpeech a pain;
Nature has us'd thee like good liquor,
And cork'd thee, but to make thee quicker.

CCCLII.

Written on the Window of the Deanery-House of St. PATRICK *in* DUBLIN: *By Dr.* DELANY.

ARE the guests of this house still doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the fates have decreed they by halves should be treated.
In the days of old *John* *, if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good wine:
In *Jonathan*'s † reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good meat:
O *Jove*, then how fully might all sides be blest,
Would'st thou but agree to this humble request;
Put both deans in one; or, if that's too much trouble,
Instead of the dean, make the deanery double.

* The late dean.
† Dr. SWIFT, the present dean.

CCCLIII.

Upon the same Subject: By the same Hand.

A Bard, on whom *Phœbus* his spirit bestow'd,
Resolv'd to acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing.
To the god he'd be grateful, but mortals he'd chouse,
By making his patron preside in his house;
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the god must in honour bear most of th' expence.
So the bard he finds drink, and leaves *Phœbus* to treat
With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat;
Hence they that come hither, expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit, and sheer wine.

CCCLIV.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool;
By demonstration *Ned* can show it.
Happy, could *Ned*'s inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

CCCLV. *

HOW capricious were nature and art to poor *Nell*;
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

CCCLVI.

THE *Macedonian* youth, with tears, deplor'd,
The scanty globe should stint his conq'ring sword;
Xerxes in tears dissolv'd to think how soon
His num'rous host should all be dead and gone:
The *Persian*'s juster tears my praise employ,
Admire who will the froward *Grecian* boy.

* Compare this with N°. CXLIII. and N°. CCLII.

CCCLVII.

TALK, *Strephon*, no more of what's honest and just;
For friendship is interest, and love is but lust:
To the purse, and no farther, the one doth extend;
And, after enjoyment, your love's at an end:
Then no longer maintain what your actions deny,
Your oft broken vows your assertions bely;
When I once sea your words with your practice agree,
I'll believe you the man that you now seem to be:
That you once have deceiv'd me, I do not complain,
But 'tis my own fault, if you cheat me again;
For none will the fate of that pilot deplore,
Who wrecks on that shelf where he stranded before.

CCCLVIII.

A Lover's Reflection.

HOW shall I shake off cold despair,
And warm *Amelia*'s breast?
Be bold —— Alas! what lover dare,
Who trembles to be blest?

CCCLIX.

Wrote at Brigadier S——*'s over a Bow of Punch, where* JUPITER *an* HEBE *are painted on the Ceiling.*

LET *Jove* no more his *Hebe* boaſt,
Or quaff cœleſtial wine,
We here have many a brighter toaſt,
And nectar more divine.

What place more fam'd for mirth and love,
Could art or nature ſhow?
The merry thunderer rules above,
The brigadier below.

CCCLX.

Epitaph on a talkative Lady.

HOW apt are men to lye! how dare they ſay,
When life is loſt, all learning fleets away?
Since this glad grave holds *Cloe* fair and young,
Who where ſhe is, firſt *learn'd* to *hold her tongue.*

CCCLXI.

On BLOOD's *ſtealing the Crown.*

WHEN daring *Blood*, his rent to have regain'd,
Upon the *Engliſh* diadem diſtrain'd;
He choſe the caſſock, ſurſingle, and gown,
The fitteſt mark for one that robs the crown:
But his lay pity underneath prevail'd,
And, while he ſav'd the keeper's life, he fail'd.
With the prieſt's veſtment, had he but put on
The prelate's cruelty, the crown had gone.

CCCLXII.

FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to pleaſe,
Forgive a wond'ring youth's deſire,
Thoſe charms, thoſe virtues, when he ſees,
How can he ſee, and not admire?

While each the other ſtill improves,
The faireſt face, the faireſt mind:
Not with the proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind.

CCCLXIII.

An EPITAPH.

A True dissenter here does lie indeed,
He ne'er with any, or himself agreed;
But, rather than want subjects to his spite,
Would, snake-like, turn, and his own tail would bite:
Sometimes, 'tis true, he took the faster side;
But when he came, by suff'ring, to be try'd,
The craven soon betray'd his fear and pride:
Thence, *Settle*-like, he to recanting fell,
Of all he wrote, or fancy'd to be well;
Thus purg'd from good, and thus prepar'd for evil,
He fac'd to *Rome*, and march'd off to the devil.

CCCLXIV.

MARTIAL, *Lib.* 5. *Epig.* 75.

GREAT *Pompey*'s ashes *Ægypt*'s triumphs swell;
His sons in *Europe* and in *Asia* fell:
What wonder that these three so distant dy'd?
So vast a ruin could not spread less wide.

CCCLXV.

On two Twin-Sisters, who died at the same Time, and were buried in one Grave.

FAIR marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise;
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

CCCLXVI.

TO *Rosalinda*'s eyes who not submit,
Fall the proud victims of her conqu'ring wit;
And all, whose dullness dares her wit despise,
Bow to the piercing influence of her eyes.
Thou then, who wishest not her slave to be,
Become but deaf and blind, and thou art free.

CCCLXVII.

MARTIAL, *Lib.* 2. *Epig.* 5.

To walk a mile a friend to ſee
Thou ask'ſt if I diſdain;
I walk it oft, but ſee not thee,
And walk it back again.

To go a mile to ſee thee, know
My friend, I grudge not ought;
But then I grudge to travel two,
And that to ſee thee not.

CCCLXVIII.

On a Feather in a Lady's Hair.

If C——*rn* but wear it, a feather's a charm;
Ah! who can be ſafe, when a feather can harm!
Since firſt I beheld, what a life have I led!
All joy and content with that feather are fled:
Fly, youth, from this beauty, whoever thou art;
And, warn'd by the feather, beware of the dart.

CCCLXIX.

Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.

HERE ſleep, whom neither life, nor love,
Nor friendſhip's ſtrickeſt tie
Could in ſuch cloſe embrace as thou,
Thou faithful grave, ally.

Preſerve them, each diſſolv'd in each,
For bands of love divine,
For unions only more complete,
Thou faithful grave, than thine.

CCCLXX.

On the foregoing.

IF, as they tell us, man and wife
Are marry'd only but for life,
Say then, ye learned caſuiſts, whether,
They after death ſhould lie together?

CCCLXXI.

MARTIAL, *Lib.* 4. *Epig.* 78.

VARUS invited me to ſup of late;
The food was ſcanty, but the wealth was great;
Vaſt empty plates and cups of gold were ſerv'd;
My eyes were feaſted, but my guts were ſtarv'd:
Varus, I did not come to gaze, but eāt;
So take away your plates, or bring ſome meat.

CCCLXXII.

From the GREEK.

ON *Stygian* banks, *Diogenes* the wiſe
Burſts into laughter, when he *Craſus* ſpies;
And thus beſpeaks, in threadbare cloak and old,
The monarch famous for his gather'd gold:
I nothing leaving, all to *Charon* bear;
Thou, *Craſus*, rich on earth, haſt nothing here.

CCCLXXIII.

On the foregoing.

THE *Lydian* prince is blam'd for wealth alone;
Tho' greater in his virtues than his throne:
The *Cynick* churl is prais'd, of fame ſecure,
Tho' void of ev'ry grace, but being poor:
Nor wonder whence this partial judgment ſprings,
Such crowds are envious, and ſo few are kings.

CCCLXXIV.

The Monument.

A Monſter, in a courſe of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold;
Streight breathes his buſt, ſtreight are his virtues ſhown,
Their date commencing with the ſculptur'd ſtone:
If on his ſpecious marble we rely,
Pity a worth like his ſhould ever die!
If credit to his real Life we give,
Pity a wretch like him ſhould ever live.

CCCLXXV.

MARTIAL, *Lib.* 7. *Epig.* 59.

GREAT *Capitolian Jove*, thou god, to whom
Our *Cæsar* owes that bliss he sheds on *Rome!*
While prostrate crowds thy daily bounty tire,
And all thy blessings for themselves desire,
Accuse me not of pride, that I alone
Put up no pray'r, that may be call'd *my own!*
For *Cæsar*'s wants, oh *Jove*, I sue to thee;
Cæsar, himself, can grant what's fit for me.

CCCLXXVI.

On setting up Mr. BUTLER'*s Monument in* Westminster Abbey.

WHILE *Butler*, needy wretch! was still alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

CCCLXXVII.

On the same Occasion. *

RESPECT to *Dryden* justly *Sheffield* † paid;
And witty *Villiers* † honour'd *Cowley*'s shade;
But whence is *Barber* ** ? that a name so mean
Should, join'd with *Butler*, on a tomb be seen!
The freestone bust far better might proclaim
To future ages, humbler *Settle*'s name;
Patron and poet then had well been pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

* We think this but a bad piece of gratitude from the poets for a favour done to one of their fraternity; but it must be remembred that we insert these verses rather for their wit than their virtue.

† Two dukes of BUCKINGHAM, who erected monuments to those two poets.

** Alderman BARBER, a printer, who did this generous action.

CCCLXXVIII. *

No more, oh *Rome*, thy wrong belief defend,
No more for ſeven ſacraments contend:
Each wedded wretch can readily confute
Thy boaſted arguments in this diſpute;
For all, by ſad experience taught, proclaim
Penance and matrimony are the ſame.

CCCLXXIX.

Alluding to the foregoing.

Not all the ſhifts that crafty *Rome* invents,
Can e'er compleat her tale of ſacraments:
For while the wedded laymen, to their coſt,
Find matrimony all in penance loſt;
The clergy own, debarr'd the nuptial flame,
Penance and orders are to them the ſame.

* This is ſo bareſac'd a piece of plagiariſm from Mr. Duke's famous epigram, N°. CLXXV. that we could have no excuſe for re-printing it, were it not for the introduction it gives to the ſucceeding.

CCCLXXX.

To ELIZA, *intending a Voyage to* SPAIN.

TO *Spain?* forbid it heav'n! oh! wiſh no more
To bleſs profuſely that abounding ſhore.
To ſouls like thine it can no pleaſure yield,
To waſte manure on that too fertile field.
The barren ſoil, which wants, alone ſhould ſhare
The gen'rous influence of *Eliza*'s care;
Since *Spain*, high treaſur'd, graſps the golden weſt,
Oh! let thy *Indies* be by us poſſeſt.

CCCLXXXI.

On a Lock of SYLVIA'*s Hair, wrapt up in brown Paper.*

LET it not move thy wonder, that I place
So rich a treaſure in ſo poor a caſe:
That ſun-bleſs'd land, where the proud diamond [grows,
All wealth at heart, a barren ſurface ſhews:
So conſcious virtue, ſatisfy'd within,
Diſdains to wear the prize ſhe loves to win.

CCCLXXXII.

Written on a Glaſs by a Gentleman, who borrow'd the Earl of CHESTERFIELD's *Diamond Pencil.*

ACCEPT a miracle, inſtead of *wit*;
See two dull lines by *Stanhope*'s pencil writ.

CCCLXXXIII.

SWIFT thro' my breaſt your thrilling kiſſes rove,
And melt, fair dear, my raviſh'd ſoul to love;
So the fork'd light'ning flies, and fires within,
When, all without, no mark of danger's ſeen.

CCCLXXXIV.

The Loſs.

IN a dark corner of the houſe
Poor *Helen* ſits, and ſobs, and crys;
She will not ſee her loving ſpouſe,
Nor her more dear picquet allies;
Unleſs ſhe finds her eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

CCCLXXXV.

WHY ſhould thoſe eyes, *Florella*, wear
A chilling ſcorn to me,
Yet ardent gaze on one who ne'er
Yet felt a ſigh for thee?

Or why, if you are not decreed
To eaſe another's pain,
Am I not of my paſſion freed,
Or you of your diſdain?

Forbear, fond youth, *Florella* ſaid,
And blame not me, but fate;
You're doom'd, alas! by her betray'd,
To love, and I to hate.

CCCLXXXVI.

MARTIAL, Lib. 1. Epig. 39.

THOSE verſes, *Brauler*, which thou'ſt read, are mine;
But, as thou'ſt read 'em wrong, they'll paſs for thine.

CCCLXXXVII.

On the Duke of BUCKINGHAM'S *Disgrace at Court,* 1687.

WHEN great men fall, great griefs arise,
In one, two, three, four families;
When this man fell, there rose great sorrow
In *Rome*, *Geneva*, *Sodom*, and *Gomorrah*.

CCCLXXXVIII.

To the Lady DUTRY.

DUTRY, that soul-inspiring fair,
Improves the poet's story,
With spotless fame, and beauty rare,
Surpassing *Helen*'s glory.

Helen, less fair, may boast her art,
A guilty warmth to raise;
Dutry refines the vanquish'd heart
To virtue's purer praise.

CCCLXXXIX.

WHEN God almighty had his palace fram'd,
That glorious ſhining place he *heaven* nam'd;
And when the firſt rebellious angels fell,
He doom'd them to a certain place, call'd *hell*:
Here's *heav'n* and *hell*, confirm'd by ſacred ſtory;
But yet I ne'er could read of *purgatory*;
That cleanſing place, which of late years is found,
For ſinning ſouls to flux in, till they're ſound:
The Prieſt form'd that, for the good *Roman* race;
Our Maker never thought of ſuch a place.
Oh *Rome!* we'll own thee for a learn'd wiſe nation,
To add a place, wanting in God's creation.

CCCXC.

COLEMAN's *Epitaph.*

IF heav'n be pleas'd when ſinners ceaſe to ſin,
If hell be pleas'd when ſouls are damn'd therein,
If earth be pleas'd when it's rid of a knave,
Then all are pleas'd, for *Coleman*'s in his grave.

CCCXCI.

On a Medal, whereon two Names were interwoven.

THIS myſtick knot unites two royal names,
Victorious *Lewis*, and long-ſuff'ring *James*;
Pious and ſtout aſſertors of the croſs,
Whether it be by conqueſt, or by loſs;
Their glory's equal, diff'rent is their fate,
Laurels on one, palms for the other wait.

CCCXCII. *

On a famous Toaſt.

BELINDA has ſuch wond'rous charms,
'Tis heav'n to lie within her arms:
And ſhe's ſo charitably giv'n,
'She wiſhes all mankind *in heav'n*.

* Compare this with N°. XXIX. and N°. CLXX. both written by a lady, and yet the ſubject not ſo feelingly touch'd as here.

CCCXCIII.

On King WILLIAM's *Actions, during two Campaigns in* FLANDERS.

THE author ſure muſt take great pains,
Who pretends to write his ſtory,
In which of theſe two laſt campaigns
He's acquir'd the greateſt glory:

For while that he march'd on to fight,
Like hero, nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his ſight;
And *Mons* within his hearing.

CCCXCIV.

WE men have many faults,
Poor women have but two——
There's nothing good they ſay;
There's nothing good they do.

CCCXCV.

On the Death of Queen MARY, *and the Marshal de* LUXEMBURG.

BEHOLD, *Dutch* prince, here lie th'unconquer'd pair,
Who knew your strength in love, your strength in war;
Unequal match! from both no conquest gains;
No trophy of your love, or war remains.

CCCXCVI.

Epitaph on TOM DURFEY.

HERE lies the *Lyrick*, who, with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong;
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet,
His heart was chearful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader, grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told,

CCCXCVII.

JOHN DRYDEN enemies had three,
Dubb'd *Dick*, *Old Nick*, and *Jeremy*:
The doughty knight was forc'd to yield;
The other two have kept the field:
But had the poet's life been holier,
He'd foil'd the devil and the *Collier*.

CCCXCVIII.

In CHAUCER's *Stile.* *

FAIR *Susan* did her wif-hede well menteine;
Algates assaulted sore, by letchours tweine;
Now, and I read aright that auntient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.
Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde,
Had they been yong (pardie) and she been olde,
That, by St. *Kit*, had wrought much sorer trial;
Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk denyal.

* Compare this with N°. CCXLIX. where the same thought is found a little diversified; but I have seen several copies of verses upon this subject, all furnish'd out of the same piece of raillery, which is so easy, that I think no would-be-wit has ever miss'd it; these lines, however, have some merit for the antique stile, which is so well imitated in them.

CCCXCIX.

PALLAS, destructive to the *Trojan* line,
Raz'd their proud walls, tho' built with hands divine;
But love's bright goddess, with propitious grace,
Preserv'd an hero to restore the race:
So the fam'd empire, where the *Iber* flows,
Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* rose.

CD.

On the Countess of DORCHESTER.

PROUD with the spoils of royal cully,
With false pretence to wit and parts,
She swaggers, like a batter'd bully,
To try the temper of mens hearts.

Tho' she appears as glitt'ring fine,
As gems, and jests, and paint can make her,
She ne'er can win a breast like mine;
The devil and sir *David* take her.

CDI.

Written over a Bishop's Door.

'Tis a strange thing to think on,
That old *Tom* of *Lincoln*,
Who writ for the reformation,
Should so basely submit,
Without honour or wit,
To be reading the declaration.

Whoever takes order,
From this satan recorder,
And thinks to go out a divine,
Will find it a folly,
To expect the Ghost Holy;
'Tis the devil that enters the swine.

CDII.

If youth and beauty fade, my dear,
Impart them wisely, while you may;
If still they last, why should you fear
To give what none can give away?

CDIII.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth,
And, with our follies, glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad *Heraclitus*, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief, our greater crimes to mourn:
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

CDIV.

HER eye-brow box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oftnest crost)
Sad *Helen* thus to *Jenny* said,
Her careless, but afflicted maid,
Put me to bed then, wretched *Jane*,
Alas! when shall I rise again?
I can behold no mortal now;
For what's an eye, without a brow?

CDV.

HELEN was juſt ſlip'd into bed,
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay,
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careleſs *Jane*,
Aſſure yourſelf, was loudly rated;
And madam, getting up again,
With her own hand the mouſe-trap baited.

On little things, as ſages write,
Depends our human joy or ſorrow;
If we dont catch a mouſe to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow. *

* Theſe two are the overflowings of the ſame fancy upon one ſubject; the reader may have an opportunity of comparing them with N°. CXXVI. and CCCLXXXIV. all by the ſame hand.

CDVI.

On Lady Essex, *who was a* Dutch *Woman.*

The braveſt hero, and the brighteſt dame
From *Belgia*'s happy clime, *Britannia* drew;
One pregnant cloud, we find, does often frame
The aweful thunder, and the gentle dew.

CDVII.

To Mrs. Anastasia Robinson.

When *Salva* ſings, or plays the heroin's part,
The fiction's ill ſupported by her art;
There's ſomething vulgar, thro' the rich diſguiſe,
Betrays the mimick, and offends the eyes.
But when your voice is heard, and beauty ſeen,
You ſeem a goddeſs, while you act a queen.

CDVIII.

The Decanter.

O Thou that high thy head doſt bear,
With round ſmooth neck, and ſingle ear,
With well turn'd narrow mouth, from whence
Flow ſtreams of nobleſt eloquence;
'Tis thou that firſt the bard divine,
Sacred to *Phœbus* and the nine;
That mirth and ſoft delight can'ſt move;
Sacred to *Venus*, and to love;
Yet, ſpite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon-companion fair;
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirſty I;
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

CDIX.

On Mrs. DUNCH.

OH *Dunch!* if fewer with thy charms are fir'd,
Than when by *Godfrey*'s name thou waſt admir'd;
'Tis not that marriage makes thee ſeem leſs fair,
But then we hop'd, and now we muſt deſpair.

CDX.

Written in 1680.

THE rabble hates, the gentry fear,
And wiſemen want ſupport:
A riſing country threatens here,
And there a ſtarving court.

Not for the nation, but the fair,
Our treaſury provides;
Bulkely's *Godolphin*'s only care,
As *Middleton* is *Hyde*'s.

Rowley, too late thou'lt underſtand
What now thou ſhun'ſt to find;
That nothing's quiet in the land,
Except thy careleſs mind,

England is now, 'twixt thee and *York*,
The fable of the frog;
He is the fierce devouring ſtork,
And thou the lumpiſh log.

CDXI.

An Epitaph.

ALGERNOON SIDNEY fills this tomb,
An atheiſt, by diſclaiming *Rome*;
. rebel bold, by ſtriving ſtill
'o keep the laws above the will,
nd hind'ring thoſe would pull them down,
'o leave no limits to a crown;
rimes damn'd by church and government:
) whither muſt his ſoul be ſent?
)f heaven it muſt needs deſpair,
: that the pope be turnkey there:
nd hell can ne'er it entertain,
or there is all tyrannick reign;
nd purgatory's ſuch pretence,
s ne'er deceiv'd a man of ſenſe:
Vhere goes it then? — where't ought to go,
Vhere pope and devil have nought to do.

CDXII.

BEFORE *Apollo*'s ſhrine I pray'd,
That I by verſe to fame might riſe;
Read the beſt poet, *Phœbus* ſaid,
And place his works before your eyes.

Beſt poet— O, great *Phœbus*, how,
How may this pattern wit be found?
What age produc'd the man whom thou
With this high character haſt crown'd?

Does he among the dead reſide,
Or dwell with thoſe who now ſurvive?
Thus I — When *Phœbus* quick reply'd,
Go, ask if *Prior*'s ſtill alive.

CDXIII.

On the Dutcheſs of St. ALBANS.

THE line of *Vere*, ſo long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with luſtre in St. *Albans*' charms;
Her conq'ring eyes have made their race complete,
They roſe in valour, and in beauty ſet.

CDXIV.

CDXIV.

Written in the Year 1686.

UNHAPPIER age who ever ſaw,
When truth doth go for treaſon;
Ev'ry blockhead's will for law,
And coxcomb's ſenſe for reaſon?

Religion's made a bawd of ſtate,
To ſerve the pimps and panders;
Our liberty a priſon grate;
And *Iriſhmen* commanders.

O how wretched is our fate!
What dangers do we run!
We muſt be wicked to be great;
And to be juſt, undone.

'Tis thus our ſovereign keeps his word,
And makes the nation great;
To *Iriſhmen* he truſts the ſword,
To jeſuits the ſtate.

CDXV.

On a hasty Marriage.

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty bleſſing!
But poor's the joy, no coin poſſeſſing!
In ancient times, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at board and bed:
But hard's his caſe, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

CDXVI.

I Dream'd, that bury'd in my fellow clay,
Cloſe by a common beggar's ſide I lay;
And as ſo mean a neighbour ſhock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corps of conſequence, I cry'd:
Scoundrel, begone, and henceforth touch me not,
More manners learn, and at a diſtance rot.
How, ſcoundrel! in a haughtier tone, cry'd he,
Proud lump of dirt, I ſcorn thy words, and thee,
Here all are equal, now thy caſe is mine,
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine.

CDXVII. *

By nature meant, by want a pedant made,
Bl — re at first profess'd the whipping-trade;
Grown fond of buttocks, he would lash no more,
But kindly cur'd the arse he gall'd before:
So quack commenc'd: then, fierce with pride, he swore
That tooth-ach, gripes, and corns should be no more:
In vain his drugs, as well as birch, he try'd,
His boys grew blockheads, and his patients dy'd:
Next he turn'd bard, and mounted on a cart,
Whose hideous rumbling made *Apollo* start;
Burlesqu'd the bravest, wisest son of *Mars*,
In ballad rhimes, and all the pomps of farce:
Still he chang'd callings, and at length has hit
On business for his matchless talent fit,
To give us drenches for the plague of wit.

* This, and the nine following were made at several times upon Sir Richard Blackmore and his poetry. By the multitude of such verses which we meet with, we should judge, that it was formerly almost fashionable to abuse that gentleman: however, we disclaim any such design; nor should these few appear here, if they had not, with many more, been already as publick as they can be.

CDXVIII.

A Grave phyſician us'd to write for fees,
And ſpoil no paper, but with recipes;
Is now turn'd poet, rails againſt all wit,
Except that little found among the great;
As if he thought true wit and ſenſe were ty'd
To men in place, like avarice or pride;
But in their praiſe ſo like a quack he talks,
You'd ſwear he waited for his *Chriſtmas-box*.
With mangled names, old ſtories he pollutes,
And, to the preſent time, paſt action ſuits;
Amaz'd we find, in ev'ry page he writes,
Members of parliament with *Arthur*'s knights.
It is a common paſtime to write ill,
And, doctor, with the reſt, e'en take thy fill;
Thy ſatyr's harmleſs; 'tis thy proſe that kills,
When thou preſcrib'ſt thy potions and thy pills.

CDXIX.

LET *Blackmore* ſtill, in good king *Arthur*'s vein,
To *Flecknoe*'s empire his juſt right maintain;
Let him his own to common ſenſe oppoſe,
With praiſe and ſlander maul both friends and foes;
Let him great *Dr—d—n*'s aweful name prophane,
And learned *G—th* with envious pride diſdain;
Codron's bright genius with vile puns lampoon,
And run a muck at all the wits in town;
Let the quack ſcribble any thing but bills,
His ſatyr wounds not, but his phyſick kills.

CDXX.

SINCE *B—y*'s nonſenſe to out-do you ſtrive,
Vain to be thought the dulleſt wretch alive;
And ſuch inimitable ſtrains have writ,
That the moſt famous blockheads muſt ſubmit:
Long may you reign, and long unenvy'd live,
And none invade your great prerogative;
But, in return, your poetry give o'er,
And perſecute poor *Job* and us no more.

CDXXI.

A Monument of dullneſs to erect,
B—y ſhould write, and *Bl—re* ſhould correct;
Like which, no other piece can e'er be wrought,
For decency of ſtile, and life of thought:
But that where *B——y* ſhall in judgment ſit,
To pare excreſcencies from *Bl——re*'s wit.

CDXXII.

POOR *Job* loſt all the comforts of his life,
And hardly ſav'd a potſherd and a wife;
Yet *Job* bleſt God, and *Job* again was bleſt,
His virtue was eſſay'd, and bore the teſt:
But had heav'n's wrath pour'd out its fierceſt viol,
Had he been then burleſqu'd, without denial,
The patient man had yielded to that trial;
His pious ſpouſe, with *Bl—— re* on her ſide,
Muſt have prevail'd, and *Job* had curs'd, and dy'd.

CDXXIII.

WE bid thee not give o'er the killing-trade,
Whilst fees come in, 'tis fruitless to dissuade;
Religion is a trick you've practis'd long,
To bring in pence, and gull the gaping throng:
But all thy patients now perceive thy aim,
They find thy morals and thy skill the same:
Then, if thou would'st thy ignorance redress,
Pr'ythee mind physick more, and rhiming less.

CDXXIV.

I Charge thee, knight, in great *Apollo*'s name,
If thou'rt not dead to all reproof and shame,
Either thy rhimes or clysters to disclaim;
Both are too much, one feeble brain to rack,
Besides, the bard will soon undo the quack;
Such shoals of readers thy damn'd fustian kills,
Thou'lt scarce leave one alive, to take thy pills.

CDXXV.

THE preacher, *Maurus*, cries, All wit is vain,
Unless 'tis like his godliness, for gain;
Of most vain things he may the folly own,
But wit's a vanity he has not known.

CDXXVI.

IF wit (as we are told) be a disease,
And if physicians cure by contraries,
Bl——re alone the healing secret knows;
'Tis from his pen the grand elixir flows.

CDXXVII.

On the Lady HARRIOT GODOLPHIN.

GODOLPHIN's easy and unpractis'd air,
Gains without art, and governs without care:
Her conq'ring race, with various fate surprize,
Who scape their arms, are captives to her eyes.

CDXXVIII.

The Robber robb'd.

A Certain prieſt had hoarded up
A maſs of ſecret gold,
And where he might beſtow it ſafe,
He knew not to be bold.

At laſt it came into his thought,
To lock it in a cheſt
Within the chancel, and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic Deus eſt.*

A merry grig, whoſe greedy mind
Did long for ſuch a prey,
Reſpecting not the ſacred words,
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold, and blotting out
The prieſt's inſcript thereon,
Wrote *Reſurrexit, non eſt hic,*
Your god is roſe, and gone.

CDXXIX.

Inscription for a Fountain, adorn'd with Queen ANNE'*s and the late Duke of* MARLBOROUGH'*s Images, and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work.*

YE active streams, where-e'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes, and furthest nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How *Anne* commanded, and how *Marlb'ro'* fought.

CDXXX.

A True Maid.

NO, no, for my virginity,
When I lose that, says *Rose*, I'll die.
Behind the elms, last night, cry'd *Dick*,
Rose, were you not—extremely sick?

CDXXXI.

e Emperor ADRIAN's *Death-bed Verses, to his Soul, imitated.*

OR, little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
Must we no longer live together?
d dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight, the Lord knows whither?

y hum'rous vein, thy pleasing folly,
ies all neglected, all forgot,
d pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st, and hop'st, thou know'st not what.

CDXXXII.

WHEN *Israel's* daughters ~~mourn'd their~~ past offences,
ey dea!t in sack-cloth, and turn'd cinder wenches;
e *Richmond* fair ones ne'er will spoil their locks,
ey use white-powder, and wear holland smocks.
beauteous church! where females think clean [linen
decent to repent in, as to sin in.

To a Lady descended from the S. Kings of this Island.

THAT pow'rful name, whose princely r
shows
From what high spring your blood's rich
flows,
With needless awe, reminds us of your ra
Since heav'n has stamp'd dominion on your
Still in your sov'reign form, distinctly liv
All royal rights your father kings could giv
In your commanding air we mark their stat
In your sweet words, their wisdom and
weight;
Warm, in your gen'rous breast, their coura
And all their pow'r and mercy in your eyes

CDXXXV.

On the Dutchess of PORTSMOUTH'*s Picture.*

WHO can on this picture look,
And not strait be wonder-struck,
That such a sneaking dowdy thing
Should make a beggar of a king;
Three happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears;
Ruin the great, and raise the small,
Yet will, by turns, betray them all;
Lowly born, and meanly bred,
Yet of this nation is the head;
For half *Whitehall* make her their court,
Tho' t'other half make her their sport;
Monmouth's tamer, *Jeffery*'s advance,
Foe to *England*, spy to *France*;
False and foolish, proud and bold,
Ugly, as you see, and old;
In a word, her mighty grace
Is whore in all things, but her face.

CDXXXVI.

On the Lord KING'*s Motto.*

Labor ipſe Voluptas.

'TIS not the ſplendor of the place,
The gilded coach, the purſe, the mace,
And all the pompous train of ſtate,
With crowds which at the levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great;
But when mankind you ſtrive to bleſs,
With all the talents you poſſeſs,
When all the joys you can receive,
Flows from the benefits you give;
This takes the heart, this conquers ſpite,
And makes the heavy burden light:
True *pleaſure*, rightly underſtood,
Is only *Labour to do good.*

CDXXXVII.

On a Lady's living at PARIS.

WHILE haughty *Gallia*'s dames, that ſpread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous ſtranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confuſion in their looks they ſhow'd,
And with unborrow'd bluſhes glow'd.

CDXXXVIII.

Epitaph on a Young Gentleman.

OF gentle blood, his parents only treaſure,
Their laſting ſorrow, and their vaniſh'd pleaſure;
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
A large proviſion for ſo ſhort a race!
More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better ſtate;
But knowing heav'n his home, to ſhun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the ſhorteſt way.

CDXXXIX.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united day they give;
But diff'rent fates e'er night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill?

CDXL. *

The Lady's Offering of her Looking-Glass to VENUS.

VENUS, take my votive glass,
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

* This is an excellent translation of that epigram in AUSONIUS, in which LAIS is suppos'd to offer her mirror to VENUS: we can't but observe that our poet has as copiously done in four short verses, what the LATIN has taken the same number of hexameter and pentameter for.

CDXLI.

Written in a Lady's MILTON.

SEE here, how bright the first-born virgin shone,
And how the first fond lover was undone;
Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke
As *Milton* wrote, and such as your's her look:
Your's the best copy of th' orig'nal face,
Whose beauty was to furnish all the race;
Such charms no author could escape, but he;
There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

CDXLII.

FAIR *Margaret*, in woful wise,
Six hearts has bound in thrall;
As yet, she undetermin'd lies,
Which she her spouse shall call.

Wretched, and only wretched he,
To whom that fate shall fall;
For, if her heart aright I see,
Sh' intends to please 'em all.

CDXLIII.

THE town reports the falſhood of my dear;
To which I cry, Oh that I could not hear!
I love her ſtill; peace then, thou babler *Fame*,
And let me reſt contented in my ſhame.

CDXLIV.

THE morning roſe, bright as a blooming bride
Flush'd with enjoyment from her lover's ſide,
So warm for winter, and ſo like the ſpring,
I thought to hear the fooliſh cuckoo ſing;
But ſee how ſoon the bleſſing turn'd a curſe,
The weather and the ways grew worſe and worſe,
The clouds look ſullen in the faithleſs skies,
And winds, like jealouſy, in murmurs riſe;
It thunder'd in my ears, and lighten'd in my eyes.
Sometimes a flatt'ring minute ſeem'd to ſmile,
But laſted but a very little while.
Such is the morning of a marry'd life;
But ſuch the dirty journey with a wife.

CDXLV.

On Dr. HOLLAND'*s translating* SUETONIUS.

PHILEMON with translations so doth fill us;
He will not let *Suetonius* be *Tranquillus*.

CDXLVI.

On Mr. CORNELIUS MARTEN, (*a contented Cuckold.*)

NIGRELIO leads a married life,
Not with his own, but's neighbour's wife:
Cornelius knows it to be thus;
But he's *Cornelius Tacitus*.

CDXLVII.

BELINDA swears by G—d her hair is black,
And who denies it is a saucy *Jack*;
The leaden comb each morning makes it so;
Is then *Belinda* perjur'd? I say no.

CDXLVIII.

On Dr. SACHEVERELL'*s Mathematical Blunder.* (*Wrote in* 1711.)

As *Creech* ſwang away in a ſanctify'd twine,
So I would adviſe this reverend divine,
To hang himſelf up in a *parallel line*;
Then all, but my ſoul, on this lay would I venture,
If the ſcriptures prove true, they'll *meet in a centre.*
Oh how it would pleaſe the poor whining fanaticks
To ſee high-church built upon ſuch mathematicks.

CDXLIX.

Rebus on Mr. SANDFORD.

The pavement of the boundleſs main,
Which numbers ſtrive to reach in vain;
The ſhallow of the limpid ſtream,
The ſhepherd's wiſh, the poet's theme,
Denote the man whoſe wit can be,
Clear as the ſtream, deep as the ſea.

CDL.

The Lady's Wish.

IF it be true, cœleſtial powers,
  That you have form'd me fair,
And yet, in all my vaineſt hours,
  My mind has been my care:

Then, in return, I beg this grace,
  As you were ever kind,
What envious time takes from my face,
  Beſtow upon my mind.

CDLI.

Epitaph on a Young Lady.

IF (weeping love) inquirers ſeek to know
  Her name, whoſe charms enrich the duſt below,
Point up, and bid 'em read —but ſay no more,
Nor ſtrive in vain to count her virtues o'er:
Scarce could the ſweet amount be juſtly ſung,
Tho' her each atom was an angel's tongue.

CDLII. *

YOUNG *Acon* wants, *Lunilla* wants an eye;
And either might with gods in beauty vie:
Those lamps, sweet youth, which shine, apart, so fair,
No longer with thy blooming mother share:
Oh! let thy light adorn *Lunilla*'s brow;
So shall she *Venus*-be, blind *Cupid* thou.

CDLIII.

MARTIAL, *Lib.* 2. *Epig.* 20.

PAUL so fond of the name of a poet is grown,
With gold he buys verses, and calls them his own:
Go on, master *Paul*; nor mind what the world says,
They are surely his own, for which a man pays.

* To the two translations which we gave in N°. CCXXI, and CCXXII, of a famous Latin Epigram, we have added *this*, which, for its beauty and elegance, surpasses all the *others* we have seen.

CDLIV.

The Feather.

IN *Florimel*'s arms, as if quite out of breath,
I'll kiſs thee, my charmer, I'll kiſs thee to death,
Cry'd *Thyrſis*, in raptures—but ſoon on her breaſt
He ſunk down his head, and compos'd him to reſt.
Not long had they lain thus, unactive, together,
E'er the wanton pluck'd forth from the bolſter a feather,
And graſping him hard, till he open'd his eyes,
In a tone of deriſion, the witty one cries,——
To prevent being kill'd in the manner you ſaid,
I reſolve, with this feather, to chop off your head.

CDLV.

On Mr. HEARNE, *the great Antiquary.*

POX on't, ſays *Time* to *Thomas Hearne*,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

CDLVI.

From the FRENCH *of Monſ.* MAYNARD.*

SICK of a life, poſſeſs'd in vain,
I ſoon ſhall wait upon the ghoſt
Of our late monarch; in whoſe reign
None, who had merit, miſs'd a poſt.

Then will I charm him with your name,
And all your glorious wonders done;
The pow'r of *France*—the *Spaniard*'s ſhame;
The riſing honours of his ſon.

Grateful the royal ſhade will ſmile,
And dwell delighted on your name:
Sweetly appeas'd, his griefs beguile,
And drown old loſſes in new fame.

But when he asks me, in what poſt
I did your wiſh'd commands obey,
And how I ſhar'd your favour moſt;
—What would you pleaſe to have me ſay?

* The original, of which this is a good imitation, but not ſtrictly a tranſlation, paſſes for the fineſt little piece of poetry in the FRENCH language; tho' the criticks think it rather too long for an epigram. It was addreſs'd to cardinal RICHLIEU, who, upon reading the laſt line, anſwer'd, very ſmartly,—*Nothing*—So that it appears the greateſt of patrons are not *always* engag'd by mere merit.

CDLVII.

To CATO: *From* MARTIAL, *Lib.* I. *Epig.* 3.

WHY doſt thou come, great cenſor of the age,
To ſee the looſe diverſions of the ſtage?
With awful countenance, and brow ſevere,
What, in the name of goodneſs, doſt thou here?
See the mix'd crowd, how giddy, lewd, and vain?
Doſt thou come in, but to go out again?

CDLVIII.

On DIDO. *

POOR queen! twice doom'd diſaſtrous love to try,
You fly the dying; for the flying die.

* This is very happily imitated from the LATIN of AUSONIUS, which has been judg'd too comprehenſive to be reduc'd into the ſame number of ENGLISH lines, and is as follows;

Infælix Dido! *nulli bene nupta marito!*
Hoc pereunte fugis: Hoc fugiente peris.

CDLIX.

Epitaph on a Gentleman who retir'd late from the World.

SHOULD curious readers wiſh to know
Whoſe duſt their feet are preſſing,
Similis, fam'd in war, lies low,
His country's boaſt and bleſſing.

Long did he toil, and graſp, and ſtrive,
Yet loſt his time, he fears;
For, tho' till ſeventy-ſix alive,
He liv'd but ſeven ſhort years.

CDLX.

On the fortunate and auſpicious Reigns of Queen ELIZABETH *and Queen* ANNE.

SURE heav'n's unerring voice decreed of old,
The faireſt ſex ſhould *Europe*'s balance hold:
As great *Eliza*'s forces humbled *Spain*,
So *France* now ſtoops to *Anne*'s ſuperior reign:
Thus tho' proud *Jove* with thunder fills the ſky,
Yet in *Aſtrea*'s hands the fatal ſcale does lie.

CDLXI.

On a Fan, in which was painted the Story of CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS, *with this Motto:* AURA VENI.

COME, gentle air, th' *Æolian* shepherd said,
While *Procris* panted in the sacred shade;
Come, gentle air, the fairer *Delia* cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play:
In *Delia*'s hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound;
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall, by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.

CDLXII.

Woman's Resolution.

OH, cry'd *Arsenia*, long in wedlock bleſt,
Her head reclining on her husband's breaſt,
" Should death divide thee from thy doating wife,
" What comfort could be found in widow'd life?
" How the thought ſhakes me! —— heav'n my " *Strephon* ſave,
" Or give the loſt *Arsenia* half his grave.

Jove heard the lovely mourner, and approv'd;
" And ſhould not wives, like this, (ſaid he) be " lov'd?
" Take the ſoft ſorrower at her word, and try
" How deeply rooted woman's vows can lie.

'Twas ſaid, and done—the tender *Strephon* dy'd,
Arsenia two long months—t'out-live him try'd:
But in the third—alas!—became a bride.

CDLXIII.

What is Thought?

THE hermits ſolace in his cell;
The fire that warms the poet's brain;
The lover's heaven, or his hell;
The mad man's ſport; the wiſe man's pain.

CDLXIV.

On ORPHEUS.

NO longer, *Orpheus*, ſhall thy ſacred ſtrains
Lead ſtones, and trees, and beaſts along the plains;
No longer ſooth the boiſt'rous wind to ſleep,
Or ſtill the billows of the raging deep;
For thou art gone, the muſes mourn'd thy fall
In ſolemn ſtrains; thy mother moſt of all.
Ye mortals, idly for your ſons ye moan,
If thus a goddeſs could not ſave her own.

CDLXV.

On EURIPIDES.

DIVINE *Euripides*, this tomb we ſee
So fair, is not a monument for thee,
So much as thou for it; ſince all will own
Thy name and laſting praiſe adorns the ſtone.

CDLXVI.

On SOPHOCLES.

WINDE, gentle ever-green, to form a ſhade
Around the tomb where *Sophocles* is laid;
Sweet ivy, winde thy boughs, and intertwine
With bluſhing roſes, and the cluſt'ring vine:
Thus will thy laſting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he ſung;
Whoſe ſoul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the muſes and the graces writ.

CDLXVII.

On HOMER.

STILL in our ears *Andromache* complains,
And ſtill in ſight the fate of *Troy* remains;
Still *Ajax* fights, ſtill *Hector*'s dragg'd along,
Such ſtrange enchantment dwells in *Homer*'s ſong;
Whoſe birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
For all the world is proud that he was born.

CDLXVIII.

On ANACREON.

THIS tomb be thine, *Anacreon*, all around
Let ivy wreath, let flowrets deck the ground,
And from its earth, enrich'd with ſuch a prize,
Let wells of milk, and ſtreams of wine ariſe;
So will thine aſhes yet a pleaſure know,
If any pleaſure reach the ſhades below.

CDLXIX.

On MENANDER.

THE very bees, oh ſweet *Menander*, hung
To taſte the muſes ſpring upon thy tongue;
The very graces made the ſcenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expreſſion hit;
Thus ſtill you live, you make your *Athens* ſhine,
And raiſe its glory to the skies in thine. *

CDLXX.

WHEN one good line did much my wonder raiſe
In B —'s works, I ſtood reſolv'd to praiſe;
And had, but that the modeſt author cries,
Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſatyr in diſguiſe.

* Neither this, nor the five preceding epitaphs are inſerted here as exactly conformable to the modern rules. But, as they are all pretty juſtly tranſlated from the GREEK, may give us a hint of the notion the ancients conceiv'd of this ſpecies of poetry; which in its infancy did not conſiſt, as now, not depend upon point and turn, but contain'd one ſingle thought properly and conciſely expreſs'd, without any regard to what we at preſent call the ſting of an epigram.

CDLXXI.

On Homer.

WHO first transcrib'd the famous *Trojan* war,
And wise *Ulysses'* acts, oh *Jove*, make known;
For since 'tis certain, thine those poems are,
No more let *Homer* boast they are his own.

CDLXXII.

The Rose.

For the 10*th of* June.

FAIR rose, to thee all other flowers must yield,
That paint the garden, or adorn the field;
Whether with ruddy blaze you give delight,
Or else diffuse in milder beams of white,
Or party-colour'd dress you charm the sight:
How beautiful in all you still appear,
Pride of the summer, glory of the year:
Can you, sweet flower, a baneful influence shed,
And rage and discord thro' the nation spread?
No, sure; from you our mischief never flows;
Not from the red, nor white, but the black rose.

CDLXXIII.

CDLXXIII.

Optimum quod evenit.

By hidden ſprings man's ſmalleſt actions move,
Wound up by an unerring hand above;
Why ſay you then, that this, or that's amiſs,
Since nothing could be *better*, than what *is*?

CDLXXIV.

Upon a Lady ſleeping with her Face cover'd.

So ſets the ſun, veil'd with the ſhades of night,
To riſe with fiercer rays of native light:
In darkneſs we his tedious abſence mourn,
And wiſh for day; but at his bright return,
Are dazzl'd if we look, and if too near, we burn.

CDLXXV.

From BUCHANAN.

On Pope JULIUS II.

THY father *Genoese*, thy mother *Greek*,
Born on the seas; who truth in thee wou'd seek?
False *Greece*, *Liguria*'s false, and false the sea,
False all; and all their falshoods are in thee.

CDLXXVI.

Verses by BOILEAU, *on a Picture of his ill-grav'd.*

THE poet *Boileau*'s picture here you see;
What! how! the famous critick! is this he?
How sour his looks! (no smiling graces dawn.)
Why 'tis to see himself so vilely drawn.

CDLXXVII.

On Virtue: To a Lady.

DID *Plato* live, that ſage, whoſe piercing mind
Found virtue wanted nought to charm mankind,
But to aſſume a body; he might ſee
His bright ideas verify'd in thee.

CDLXXVIII.

On the Tax upon Salt.

THE emblem o'th'nation ſo grave and preciſe,
On the emblem of wiſdom have laid an exciſe;
Pray tell me, grave ſparks, and your anſwer don't ſmother,
Why one repreſentative taxes another?
The commons on ſalt a new impoſt have laid,
To tax wiſdom too they moſt humbly are pray'd;
For tell me, ye patrons of woollen and crape,
Why the type ſhould be ſin'd, and the ſubſtance eſcape?

CDLXXIX.

Mr. DRYDEN, *on his Conversion.*

AYTOR to god, and rebel to thy pen,
Prieſt-ridden poet, perjur'd ſon of *Ben*;
'er thou prov'ſt honeſt, then the nation
modeſtly believe tranſubſtantiation.

CDLXXX.

On MARINDA's *Toilet.*

NCE vulgar beauties take their pow'rful arms,
And from their toilets borrow all their charms,
bright *Marinda*, with a kinder care,
tes her ſharper-pointed glances here:
1 our weak ſight in pity ſhe complies,
with our faſhions veils the glories of her eyes.
angels thus deſcending from above
'iſit men with meſſages of love,
ſhape aſſum'd, our bleſſing to compleat,
make the favour kind, as it was great;
ɔugh mortal veſtments ſhone th' angelick air,
tho' in human form, they ſeem'd moſt heav'nly
fair.

CDLXXXI.

Occasion'd by the News that Sir R——
BL——*'s Paraphrase upon* JOB *was in the Press.*

WHEN *Job* contending with the devil I saw,
It did my wonder, but not pity, draw;
For I concluded, that, without some trick,
A saint at any time could match *Old Nick*.
Next came a fiercer fiend upon his back,
I mean his spouse, stunning him with her clack;
But still I could not pity him, as knowing
A crab-tree cudgel soon would send her going.
But when the quack engag'd with *Job* I spy'd,
The lord have mercy on poor *Job*, I cry'd;
What spouse and satan did attempt in vain,
The quack will compass with his murd'ring pen,
And on a dunghil leave poor *Job* again:
With impious doggrel he'll pollute his theme,
And make the saint, against his will, blaspheme.

* Here follow nine epigrams more upon the same subject with N°. CDXVII, &c. which are all we can publish, tho' several more are to be found.

CDLXXXII.

Upon King ARTHUR, *partly writ in the Doctor's Coach, and partly in a Coffee-House.*

LET the malicious criticks snarl and rail,
Arthur immortal is, and must prevail:
In vain they strive to wound him with their tongue,
The lifeless *fœtus* can receive no wrong.
As rattling coach once thunder'd thro' the mire,
Out dropp'd abortive *Arthur* from his sire.
Well may he then both time and death defy,
For what was never born, can never die.

CDLXXXIII.

To the Author of the Satyr against Wit, concealing his Name.

He that in *Arthur*'s trash has penance done,
Need not be told who writ this vile lampoon,
In both, the same eternal dulness shines,
Inspires the thoughts, and animates the lines:
In both, the same lewd flattery we find,
The praise defaming, and the satyr kind;
Alike the numbers, fashion, and design,
No chequer tallies could more nicely join:
Thy foolish muse puts on her mask too late,
We know the strumpet by her voice and gate.

CDLXXXIV.

To the same, upon his Talent of Praising and Railing.

THINE is the only muse in *British* ground,
Whose satyr tickles, and whose praises wound:
Sure *Hebrew* first was taught her by her nurse,
Where the same word is us'd to bless and curse.

CDLXXXV.

THE *British Arthur*, as historians tell,
Deriv'd his birth from *Merlin*'s magick spell;
When *Uter*, taking the wrong'd husband's shape,
On fair *Igerne* did commit a rape:
But modern *Arthur*, of the *Cheapside* line,
May justly boast his parentage divine;
Wearing thy phyz, and in thy habit drest,
The god of dulness his lewd dam compreſt.

CDLXXXVI.

Upon seeing a Man light a Pipe of Tobacco in a Coffee-House, with a Leaf of King ARTHUR.

IN coffee-house begot, the short-liv'd brat,
By instinct, thither hastes to meet his fate;
The phœnix to *Arabia* thus returns,
And in the grove that gave her birth, she burns:
Thus wandring *Scot*, when thro' the world he's past,
Revisits ancient *Tweed*, with pious haste,
And on paternal mountains dies at last.

CDLXXXVII.

To the merry Poetaster at SADLER'S HALL, *in* CHEAPSIDE.

UNWEILDY pedant, let thy awkward muse
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse,
To lash, and not be felt, in thee's an art,
Thou ne'er mad'st any but thy school-boys smart:
Then be advis'd, and scribble not again,
Thou'rt fashion'd for a flail, and not a pen;
If *B——l*'s immortal wit thou would'st decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry:
Thy feeble satyr ne'er can do him wrong,
Thy poems and thy patients live not long.

CDLXXXVIII.

To the Author of the Satyr against Wit.

SOME ſcribbling fops ſo little value fame,
They ſometimes hit, becauſe they never aim;
But thou for erring haſt a certain rule,
And aiming, art inviolably dull:
Thy muddy ſtream no lucid drop ſupplies,
But puns, like bubbles, on the ſurface riſe;
All that for wit you could, you've kindly done,
You cannot write, but can be writ upon,
And a like fate does either ſide befit,
Immortal dulneſs, or immortal wit:
In juſt extremes an equal merit lies,
And *B*——*le* and *Garth* with thee muſt ſhare the prize,
Since thou can'ſt ſink, as much as they can riſe.

CDLXXXIX.

CDLXXXIX.

WHEN fir'd by glory, *Philip's* god-like ſon
The *Perſian* empire, like a ſtorm, o'er-run,
A worthleſs ſcribbler, *Cherilus* by name,
In pompous doggrel ſoil'd the hero's fame;
The *Grecian* prince, to merit ever juſt,
(For monarchs did not then reward on truſt)
Read o'er his rhimes, and to chaſtiſe ſuch traſh,
Gave him for each offending line a laſh.
Thus bard went off, with many drubs requited;
That's, in plain *Engliſh*, *Cherilus* was knighted.

CDXC.

Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book.

WHILST you, bright angel, heaven alone purſue,
Our thoughts are fix'd on equal heaven in you.
But why ſuch beauty, and ſuch rigour join'd?
Ne'er for a cloiſter was that face deſign'd;
To bleſs, and not to curſe mankind 'twas giv'n;
Then ſmile, and anſwer the deſigns of heav'n.

CDXCI.

MARTIAL, *Lib.* 12. *Epig.* 54.

THY beard and head are of a diff'rent die;
Short of one foot; distorted in an eye;
With all these tokens of a knave compleat,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish cheat.

CDXCII.

On Dr. C--DE'*s dying by his own Recipe.*

C--DE, who had slain ten thousand men,
With that small instrument a pen,
Being sick; unluckily he try'd
The point upon himself, and dy'd.

CDXCIII.

On M——Y'*s Sermon.*

WE'RE told by one of the black robe,
The devil inoculated *Job*:
Suppose 'tis true, what he does tell;
Pray, neighbours, did not *Job* do well?

FINIS.